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NOTES.

Evidently Mr. Balfour has no hope of peace. His speech at Dundee necessarily contained an expression of hope that war might yet be averted and so forth. That is "common form," but it does not require reading between the lines to see that if Mr. Balfour has any hope at all, it is wholly forlorn. And the same with Mr. Ritchie. In this they but echo the settled opinion of South Africa. Very rightly, then, the serious part of either speech was devoted to bringing home to their audiences, who we imagine hardly needed convincing, that the Cabinet has been absolutely harmonious all along as to its South African policy; that that policy has been one of peace; that war will be waged not for any "registration details" but for matters of principle. Plain men will want no further statement of policy than this. We mean to make it clear that the British Empire is the paramount power in South Africa.

It is rather hard on Mr. Balfour that his very important remarks on constitutional politics should fall absolutely flat from the impossibility of getting anyone to care one jot for home questions, when there is anything exciting "on" in matters of foreign policy. But it is ever so, and we cannot take it as an unhealthy sign that it is so, that the moment an imperial issue is raised, involving our relations with our neighbours, total eclipse is the lot of all constitutional and of most social issues. However, if circumstances were against Mr. Balfour in one way, rhetorically they favoured him in another, for in strict accordance with the approved canons he has put the least attractive points in the middle, keeping a good beginning and ending; the order being, golf, the British constitution, the Transvaal crisis.

On Transvaal matters, the country has so thoroughly made up its mind that we might expect Lord Rosebery now to speak out bravely. This time he has probably been a little too astute. His most successful game has ever been to give the country a lead exactly at the psychological moment when its mind was made up but not yet declared. Lord Rosebery has quite enough ability to be that much ahead of public opinion, which has enabled him time after time to gain credit for courage without taking any of the risk. The calm confidence with which he would commit himself has often been very effective, for it was genuine, the orator being quite aware that he himself was in no kind of danger. But this astute politician has lost the opportunity of repeating his highly successful Fashoda stroke. If he speaks now,

everybody will know that it is because he cannot help it. For once his lordship is the victim of his own cleverness. It is too late for any utterance of his to be of service to the country while it must be of great disservice to himself. If he takes a line against the Government, he is merely following his arch antagonist, Sir William Harcourt; if he supports the Government, he will alienate many Radicals without getting any thanks from the country for an independence he failed to evade.

Had he anticipated Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley, it is possible he might have influenced many of his own party and even have strengthened the position of his country in a difficult situation. And the public would have said, what a true Imperialist is Lord Rosebery! As it is, the almost humorously robust belief in Lord Rosebery's genuineness as patriot will be shaken. For had not we a right to expect some counsel from one in his absolutely exceptional position? There can be no doubt that Lord Rosebery has got the ear of the country to a quite peculiar degree. It may seem strange, but his name appeals with force to the respectable non-politician. And that is a numerous class, especially in London, which has been waiting for long for words of counsel and comfort from its pet public man. Of course, Lord Rosebery can state a case for his silence. It is easy to say that he is not in office. He is no longer a party leader. He is but a private man, whose opinions count for no more than those of any other private man. Exactly; he can be a private man to suit his convenience, but we doubt his being quite pleased if the world took him at his word and did pay him no more attention than any other private man. Would he like to find his belated pronouncement, whenever it comes, unreported in the newspapers? Lord Rosebery may be hugely pleased with himself for his diplomatic silence; but astuteness will win him no new laurels: some other qualities might.

The British Boers have appealed to Cæsar, or more precisely, to Nelson in Trafalgar Square, and they have got their answer, with which we trust they are satisfied. It appears that sympathy with England's enemies is not always a popular or a paying game. The Boer Forwards have, it is true, received a cable of thanks from Mr. Reitz, but we are not sure whether that will be "balm for healing." There can be no manner of doubt that the working-classes are enthusiastic supporters of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. We rejoice to see that the Plymouth Conservative Seven Hundred have administered a rebuke to their distinguished, but

erratic, member, Sir Edward Clarke (who but made bad worse by his speech of Thursday last), by passing a vote of confidence in the South African policy of the Government. It is true that Mr. Yelverton, ex-Chief Justice of the Bahama Islands, declares the pretext for war to be "flimsy" and its probable cost sixty millions. But then this ex-Chief Justice has his reasons for not admiring Mr. Chamberlain.

Anti-Semites cannot feel particularly satisfied with their two most notorious and ambitious leaders. The dauntless Guérin, who stirred so many hearts by shouting "Peuple de Paris! Ceux qui vont mourir te saluent," stepped quietly out of his fortress as soon as the engines of the pompiers began to hiss and steam; while Max Régis—after barricading his house and placing sentinels on his roof and announcing his intention to fire on the first Government official who approached—escaped in disguise long before the soldiers even arrived. The first is imprisoned in the Santé, the second is in hiding in Spain, both are likely to be condemned as severely as they deserve. Among the documents seized at the "Fort Anti-Juive" at Algiers, was a code of regulations drawn up and signed by Max Régis. It began by ordering determined resistance; anyone who showed signs of insubordination, or of yielding, was to be shot. It concluded by saying that no man might go forth alone, that the whole company was to fight to the bitter end, and never to surrender unless the Governor of Algiers promised to let them go free. Ever since he was dismissed from his position as Mayor, Max Régis has done infinite harm in Algiers, and succeeded even better than Jules Guérin in stirring up hatred against the Jews. Many of his speeches commended an immediate massacre; and, as his following is large, there would probably have been a formidable riot if the Governor had had him arrested.

From the flaming posters attached to the kiosks, and the array of carts that pass through the streets similarly adorned, Paris learns that the matadors who "performed" recently at Boulogne are to appear on Monday at Enghien-les-Bains. Although they do not positively state that a bull-fight is to take place, they nevertheless fix the entrance fee at twenty francs; and, as no one would pay that sum for the slight privilege of staring at a row of brightly garbed men, we think, with others, that a combat is in store. There is enough mystery about the matter to make one suspicious; and a sinister excitement, too, among "sportsmen" and in bars. Still, if the news be true, there is time enough for the Government to interfere. In Paris, no more than at Boulogne, would a bull-fight attract a "representative" audience; only "sportsmen" and "hangers-on" assisted at those hideous scenes that took place in Max Lebaudy's park at Maison-Lafitte. But, as Enghien-les-Bains is only half an hour's journey from Paris, the evil is drawing terribly near.

If Serbia were nearer home and could claim to be taken seriously, the result of her mock trial would have shocked the world's conscience almost as severely as its prototype at Rennes. As it is, the chorus of condemnation affords her a sufficiently emphatic warning to set her royal house in order. Especially significant is the assent of Austria, whose sense of decency has overruled her interest with respect to the Commander-in-chief. As to the mock trial itself, there remain two main points to be noted: first, the proclamation of Milan as heir-presumptive, nominally for technical purposes of *lèse-majesté*, really for the initiation of a policy; secondly, the cynical pardon of G. Pasić in return for a grovelling recantation of the political principles of a lifetime. This reveals the object of the whole proceedings and will doubtless be followed by the release of any other prisoners who may accept the same ignominious terms. But to decapitate a weed is not to uproot it, and the Radical party is surely strong enough to put forth other leaders, even though Milan be suffered to remain, breathing fresh threatenings and slaughters against it.

The announcement, that the Greeks are devoting their whole attention to the reorganisation of their army and navy, must be welcomed as an occasion for smiling

at a moment when foreign politics are unusually serious. Modern science may enable bricks to be made without straw, but certain animals are still impotent to produce silk purses, and the Levantine traders, who usurp the name of Greeks, may not reorganise what does not and cannot exist. Else it would sound promising that the reorganisation is to be sought abroad. For our part, we hesitate to believe that Balkan rivalries will make Greek officers welcome students in Bulgarian, Roumanian and Servian barracks. The announcement is doubtless a device for seeking an invitation, which can only be conceded as a tribute of contempt, as who should sell guns to a tribe which has not yet passed the bow and arrow stage.

That the German Emperor should encourage the scheme is yet more incredible, in view of his popularity in Athens during the war and of his present practical sympathy with Turkey. And as to a reorganisation of the Greek navy, its prospects are discounted in advance by the complacent announcement that recent manœuvres were "exceedingly successful." Greek manœuvres always are, but when it comes to fighting in real earnest discretion resumes its natural pre-eminence over the valour of the pot. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, but the only lesson which a modern Greekling can take in is that afforded when he is chased away from a battlefield. Instead of seeking to reorganise his army and navy, he will do well to continue the reorganisation of his finances under the watchful supervision of his creditors.

Mr. Bryce has pointed out in perhaps his most widely read work that, for all their reputation for cool long-headedness, the Americans are a nervous, excitable people, far more so than the English. That very fit pendant to the Spanish-American war, the Dewey demonstration, goes far to justify Mr. Bryce's sagacity. With every allowance for natural delight at unfamiliar glory, no nation that had not lost its head would take Admiral Dewey's naval success as have the Americans. Success it was: the American commodore did what he had to do: and his countrymen had reason for sober satisfaction at the prompt despatch of a necessary but neither difficult nor splendid piece of business. But should the United States in a far future, not very easy to imagine, achieve a Salamis or a Nile, it will puzzle even such experienced and highly-trained demonstrators as the Americans to improve on their extravagance in celebrating the destruction of a few wooden ships by American ironclads out of all danger at the time. It is difficult to believe that Admiral Dewey appreciates the honour of being whistled at continuously by factories and would not prefer to pay for his own house to having one subscribed for on his behalf. Happy America, whose "Dewey day" rejoicings are not damped by any thought of the less brilliant sequel to that brilliant victory in Manila Bay!

It may be only a coincidence that simultaneously with the despatch of British troops from India to the Cape we hear of disturbances on the Russo-Afghan frontier and rumours of a Russian agent in Kabul, intriguing for a concession which would admit Russian railways into the Amir's territory. These coincidences however occur with strange regularity. It will not be at all surprising if fresh activity is manifested by the Tzar's agents in Persia while our troops are locked up in South Africa. Should war break out in the Transvaal, the scheme for a Russian port on the Persian Gulf connected with the Caspian by Russian roads through Persia may possibly take form and substance. At present the project is only in the early stage of assertion and denial.

Whether the cataclysm which has wrecked Darjiling was due to the phenomenal rainburst or to earthquake is a matter of only speculative interest. Probably both causes contributed, but it may be gathered that the seismic convulsions were of minor importance. The great Naini Tal landslip was induced by torrential rain acting on a steep and unstable hillside already weakened by defective drainage and injudicious cuttings. The earthquake theory in that case was a late afterthought which never obtained much acceptance. The reports so far received from Darjiling do not mention

the occurrence of cracks, crevasses and other unmistakable indications which accompanied the earthquake that ravaged Assam and dismantled Shillong two years ago. Moreover the main disturbance seems to have ceased with the cessation of the rain. No further shocks have been felt though fragmentary landslips must for some time follow a very extensive subsidence.

The Eastern Himalayas are no doubt in the line of seismic disturbance which traverses Asia in a north-westerly direction from the Archipelago. Darjiling has however hitherto been free from such disasters. It is the summer seat of the Bengal Government and the health resort of Calcutta. The mistrust which this occurrence must inspire cannot but affect its future and even depreciate the value of the prosperous mountain railway which connects it with the plains. The damage to house property and tea gardens must be large and irretrievable. It will take some time to ascertain the actual loss of life but the number of Europeans who perished is extremely small, as it was in Assam. The appalling nature of the disaster and its awe-inspiring circumstances have no doubt tinged the early reports. There is room to hope that the later and fuller information may be more reassuring.

Lord Lamington, after three and a half years in Queensland as Governor, is coming home, and Sir Samuel Griffith the Chief Justice of the colony has been appointed not Governor as is said in some quarters, but Lieutenant-Governor, in his stead. The event probably marks the beginning of the end in Australia of the present system. Lord Lamington will almost certainly be the last of the Queensland Governors. With Federation there will be appointed a Governor-General, lieutenant-governors for the various colonies being chosen locally. This departure will occasion widespread satisfaction. Whilst the desire to select their own chiefs has been manifest for a long time past in the Australian Colonies, the difficulties experienced by the Home Government in finding suitable representatives of the Queen has increased considerably. Liberal administrations especially have suffered embarrassment from the paucity of candidates. Australian Federation will meet the views of both sides. When Western Australia comes to her senses and throws in her lot with the other colonies, it will be necessary to find one Governor-General instead of six petty Governors.

Sir Claude Macdonald held his audience at the China Association dinner a little cheap. In one breath he claimed credit for what he has done for British interests in China, a point on which courtesy commanded a silence which did not necessarily imply the assent of some of his hosts, and in the next he read them a little homily on the importance of self-reliance and independence of British traders. He endorsed Lord Rosebery's statement that when British self-reliance disappears, the Empire will not be worth a minute's purchase. During the past three years, Sir Claude Macdonald has had unique opportunities for realising how out of date this counsel is, at any rate in regard to China. British self-reliance never has been wanting and is never likely to be wanting when it is called upon to deal with native conditions alone. But the whole position is revolutionised when the individual Briton is confronted with the resource of an aggressive empire. Failure to appreciate that spirit no doubt explains a good deal of the complacency of recent British diplomacy in the Far East.

A great deal more has been made of "The Missing Signal Books" than the circumstances warrant. On board a man-of-war the only absolutely confidential code of signals never leaves the cabin of the commanding officer. Moreover, by the mere communication of a solitary message from ship to ship it is possible so entirely to transpose the whole system of vocabulary, general, and fleet signals, as to render useless to an enemy the possession of a duplicate and identical signal book. No doubt a foreign Power would gain considerably by the possession of a book setting forth a system of signalling infinitely superior to that of any other nation; but a scare over the loss of Vols. 1

and 2 of "Fleet Signals" is ridiculous and explicable only on the ground of ignorance or shortage in "copy." Any Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Chatham bookseller will furnish a customer with a copy of the "Boats' Signal Book," containing, among other important matters, a full description of the several systems of cypher in use throughout Her Majesty's service.

The composition of an army corps seems to have caused the daily and Sunday newspapers considerable perplexity. It is certainly amusing to read the different versions which have been published as to the strength of that force. Some have even gone so far as to say that an army corps is not a determinable quantity, while some have included in it a cavalry brigade. But the most elaborate details as to what a British army corps consists of will be found in Table LX. of that useful official handbook, "War Establishments 1898." As regards the artillery however the table is already out of date, for in it only fifteen field batteries are given; while, as Mr. Wyndham informed the House last March, the Government have since been advised that eighteen batteries are the proper number.

The combatant troops are laid down at 3 infantry divisions, each of which contains 8 battalions divided into 2 brigades, 1 cavalry squadron, 3 field batteries, and 1 field company R.E. In addition to this there are the corps troops which consist of 1 battalion; 1 cavalry regiment in addition to that already split up between the 3 divisions; 3 brigade divisions or 9 batteries of field artillery, and 1 brigade division or 2 batteries of horse artillery; and 1 additional field company R.E. as well as 1 pontoon troop, 1 telegraph division, 1 balloon section, 1 field park, and 1 railway battalion. Some authorities consider the system of corps artillery a clumsy one, and in the German army it now forms part of the divisions. Cavalry brigades, although of course one or more would operate with our army corps in the field, do not properly belong to such a force in our army. As regards staff there are the army corps, 3 divisional, and 6 brigade staffs. Briefly therefore the force amounts to 25 battalions or 25,225 men, 2 cavalry regiments or 1,058 men, and 20 batteries of artillery or 4,593 men and 120 guns.

In all the discussion on Commercial Education which is taking place at the present time, the higher aspect of the question appears to be lost sight of. The technical instruction of our mercantile army, of the officers as well as of the rank and file, is of the gravest importance, but we must not be blind to the other aspects of the question. If any permanent good is to result to the mercantile classes and to the nation from the movement, it should be realised that education as well as instruction must be the object of any changes made. There is much force in the charge brought against the present commercial system, that a pitifully low standard of morality prevails. If the inclusion of commerce among the faculties of the new University of London, or that of Birmingham, is to be justified, it will be for the reason that the commercial graduates of the future will be men of as high intellectual power with characters as fine and as much above suspicion of corruptibility and untruthfulness as are our University men as a rule to-day. We trust that this will not be forgotten by those who are building the new universities.

If imitation be indeed the sincerest form of flattery, the Church of England will this year receive a handsome compliment from the Established Church of Scotland. For the first time there is to be a Church Congress north of the Tweed of the kind with which we have long been familiar south of that river. There is a curiously close resemblance in the Congress programmes. The domestic problems of the Presbyterian Church are the same mutatis mutandis as our own. Christian Socialism, Ritualism, the New Criticism, and the Disestablishment agitation, flutter the dovescotes of both Establishments. It would seem that "black Prelacy" has been effectually whitewashed in the land of John Knox.

It is difficult to understand how with the record of the English Church Union and of the Church Association

before them any Churchmen who are not either fools or fanatics can dream that they are serving the cause of religion, to say nothing of the Anglican Church, by banding themselves together for party purposes. And yet the body of Evangelical and Broad Churchmen which not very ingenuously calls itself by the colourless name of Conference of Churchmen does contain many who are far from being either fools or fanatics (though as certainly it includes others who are both) and does not include Mr. Kensit. What the Conference is to do and how does not appear. So far it seems to have contented itself with meeting and recording certain pious opinions. The views of those of any account on its lists were known before and so did not need recording, the views of those of no account are not worth it. Surely we might have been spared yet this added Conference!

Speaking of matters ecclesiastical, the text of the report of the Burgos Congress is now before us and we feel bound to protest against the grossly garbled versions, which have appeared in the British Press, representing it as a futile onslaught upon every principle of liberty and progress. As a matter of fact, it contains no reference to the spread of Protestantism, which the bishops have mentioned elsewhere and which many of us are apt to forget is illegal in Spain. Nor does it demand benefit of clergy to the extent we were led to believe, but contents itself with stipulating that ecclesiastics, who appear before the ordinary courts, shall not be compelled to violate the canon law. True, it supports the Antimasonic Union, but always for legal and seemingly purposes, and freemasonry in Spain is not only a synonym of freethought but actually illegal. If the Congress has shown itself reactionary, it has not sought to react beyond the existing constitution. For the rest, its report advocates alms, pilgrimages, the admission of clerics to the Cortes, the establishment of a Roman Catholic daily, reforms in the penal code, the abolition of conscription, the discouragement of emigration, and the relief of agriculture—all quite defensible contentions, which, with episcopal patronage, will now acquire enhanced importance in a Roman Catholic country.

The close of the tripper season must come as a welcome relief but inspires many discouraging reflections. When we wander through the cities of Holland, Prussia, France, Switzerland, or even Italy, we are often tempted to resent the rudeness of boors who lounge and lurch and shout; we congratulate ourselves that our own countrymen are comparatively courteous and know at least how to observe the rule of the road. But were the invaders of our summer seaside resorts to be taken as types, we should almost be persuaded to prefer the rudeness of the peripatetic foreigner, who can at least be cowed by a scowl or a stick. Not to take Margate or any other extreme case, the sea-front at Brighton affords a standing scandal, which calls for the most emphatic protest.

In a town, which pretends to fashion and decorum at other seasons, you may meet of a September afternoon parties of six or eight or some other even number of uproarious persons of both sexes, careering arm in arm, displaying the most hideous combinations of insular costume which a cruel imagination has ever stooped to devise, yelling the least delicate refrains of the music-halls, scattering simple citizens to the accompaniment of raucous Cockney laughter, and generally rendering life unendurable to decent folk. At night-time matters are even worse, for the day's comparative restraints now prompt the wildest horse-play and the scum of the population seizes the occasion to cut a purse or indulge in wanton assault and battery, while the insufficient police force dare not venture upon more than mild deprecation. Our tripper takes his pleasures not merely sadly but savagely, and our consciences may well be aroused to recall how little we do for his healthy edification. Since the merry days of maypoles and morris-dancers, now superseded by foul-mouthed negro-minstrels and the performances of corybantic Christianity, the people have become sadly vulgarised in their play. Who shall refine it? Doubtless, our knights of mammon.

A NEW DEPARTURE?

SIR HENRY M. STANLEY has accurately described Mr. Kruger as "cantankerous," and humorously compared him to a Red Indian chief, to whom peace commissioners with gifts were despatched, followed hard by General Hancock and an expedition. The eminent explorer recommends some such way with Mr. Kruger, remarking that if the peace commissioners fail to bring him to his senses, the Army Corps can be pushed forward. It is too late in the day to send peace commissioners to Mr. Kruger, though whether the situation might not have been saved by a first-rate negotiator on the spot, armed with full powers, is another question. It is a matter of history that nothing makes bad blood between nations so certainly as a prolonged correspondence, conducted at a distance of several thousand miles. It is however futile to speculate on what might have been effected by a special mission to Pretoria: we must deal with the situation as it is. What is known as "the interim despatch" cabled to the Boer Government the Friday before last corresponded very closely with our forecast of its contents. Her Majesty's Government conveyed to Mr. Kruger, in the grave and courteous language of diplomacy, that they had had enough of his cantankerousness. After an agitation that has been simmering for five years, and after negotiations that have been running on for four months, to receive a long, argumentative refusal to grant terms which had been offered conditionally a few weeks before, and to be invited to reconsider a scheme which the stream of events had long since swept away, would have tried the patience of Job. It was the last straw; or, as Mr. Chamberlain put it, it was a climax which convinced the Government that it was useless to pursue the discussion on the lines hitherto adhered to. Mr. Conyngham Greene was therefore instructed to inform the Government of the South African Republic that in a despatch which would follow shortly Her Majesty's Government would make entirely new proposals of their own for a permanent settlement of the whole question. There was however something very important in the interim despatch besides the intimation above referred to. For the first time in these negotiations, so far as we know, the British Government offered to the South African Republic an explicit guarantee of its independence both from internal and external attack. It is true that the Transvaal Government has been assured more than once in despatches and by the speeches of responsible statesmen that we have no designs on the independence of their country. But we are not aware that the formal offer of a written guarantee has ever been made, and, if we mistake not, this offer, whether accepted or not, will turn out to be one of the most important steps in these negotiations. It is a crucial test of the sincerity of the Boers, who have always professed that they were willing to give anything to the Uitlanders provided their independence was not thereby endangered. We are pretty sure that an attempt will be made by and by to revert to this guarantee: and when the history of these events comes to be written, the interim despatch of 22 September 1899 will be one of the capital documents in justification of British policy.

To sum up, Mr. Chamberlain has offered to guarantee the independence of the Boer Republic if Mr. Kruger on his side will guarantee the immediate and adequate enfranchisement of the Uitlanders. That, and not legal or etymological subtleties about suzerainty, is the kernel of the situation. Sir William Harcourt has returned to the suzerainty question, in great elation at the discovery that Lord Derby told the Transvaal Government in 1884 that "there will be the same complete independence in the Transvaal as in the Orange Free State." There is a legal axiom, with which we had imagined an ex-Solicitor-General to be conversant, which says that a written document speaks for itself. The Convention of 1884 says nothing about the Orange Free State, but it does say that Her Majesty reserves the right of vetoing any treaties proposed to be made by the South African Republic with any foreign Power. As however Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury have significantly pointed out, the Convention of 1884 may

easily pass from the political to the historical stage of existence, and become as unimportant as the Treaty of Utrecht or the Black Sea clause in the Treaty of Paris. If Great Britain has "to make exertions," to repeat Lord Salisbury's phrase, or, in other words, if we have to send out 50,000 troops, we shall not be satisfied with anything less than the remodelling of the Transvaal, on our own, not on Boer lines. It is not quite clear to us whether the offer in the interim despatch of a British guarantee in exchange for the five years' franchise is still open, or whether that book is closed. Sir William Harcourt speaks, in his letter to the "Times" of Wednesday last, of "a new departure" by both parties. It is clear that the despatch decided on at yesterday's Cabinet Council will constitute a new departure on our side; but of what kind? We have declined to pursue negotiations on the old lines, and we make elaborate proposals for remodelling the Boer republic according to our ideas. We know pretty well what the main proposals will be from the despatches of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner. We shall require the immediate granting of political rights to the Uitlanders, the appointment of judges for life, the statutory protection of free speech both in the press and at public meetings, a declaratory law to the effect that no resolution of the Raad shall override the statutes, suppression of the illicit liquor traffic, the bilingual use of English and Dutch in schools and all official documents, the organisation of an effective police, a labour law, regulations for the protection of British residents, coloured and white, who may not become burghers, possibly the creation of a municipal council for Johannesburg, and the cancellation of the dynamite monopoly, though this grievance, which used to be put in the van, has now dropped to the rear. This is but an outline of "the New Model," put together from the Blue-books. What chance is there that the Boers, having strained at the gnat of the five years' franchise, will swallow the camel of the Milner minimum? We fear, none. And yet it were best for them that they should do so, for these are the terms that we offer them before war, and which include their existence, not indeed as "a sovereign international state," but as an autonomous republic under the protection of a paramount power. After war there can be no longer any question of independence, either for the Transvaal or the Orange Free State. Of all defects of temper cantankerousness is the most expensive to its possessor. The cantankerous man invariably refuses a just demand, and after a prolonged litigation has to pay the original claim and the costs of both sides. We are glad to see that the War Office is beginning at last to make serious preparations for the embarkation of an army corps. Parliament, we presume, will be summoned for an early date in October, and will probably be asked to vote £10,000,000. The business will in all likelihood cost us twice that sum, of which a portion at all events will be added to the debt of the Transvaal, while our dear neighbour, the Orange Free State, will possibly not be forgotten when the reckoning is being cast. If the Boers were fighting for their independence we might respect them, despite of their dishonesty. But as we have offered to guarantee their independence, it is plain that they are preparing to fight for the right to plunder and misgovern the European, who is more civilised than they are, and who has developed indigenous resources which they are too lazy and too ignorant to exploit for themselves.

AUSTRIA AND SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE.

THE resignation of Graf Thun has been variously misinterpreted as a surrender to the German party, an intention to return to parliamentarism, and a fresh humiliation by Hungary. As a matter of fact, it is merely another stage in the Emperor's attempt to consolidate a strong personal Government. He may fail, of course: they that be against him are certainly more numerous, if we remain content to count noses, than they who despise the democratic shibboleth. But every loyal and patriotic subject as well as every friend

of Austria must wish him strength to persist in his present path so long as existing dangers remain on either hand. We do not assert this to fortify any abstract theories of government, which we may cherish, but because every alternative has been found wanting. Nor do we look to the permanent establishment of autocracy. Article XIV. has been described by us already as an emergency-brake, and no doubt it may be removed so soon as present perils are past. But it is to be hoped that the eventual resumption of normal relations will accompany no sort of truckling to the German party. More than any, they owed devotion to a German Emperor of Austria, who has been always alive to their legitimate desires, but they have either identified themselves with the disloyal propaganda of Baron Schönerer or else claimed a predominant influence, which His Majesty's sense of justice could not concede to the detriment of his other lieges. It has been assumed that the keynote of Graf Thun's policy was inordinate concession to the Czech parties, but Graf Thun is not a Czech and has no greater sympathy with the Czechs than his Imperial master, who desires only to accord them that tolerance and influence which they undoubtedly deserve. They have not been unreasonable in their expectations and in the matter of the language question they must command all impartial sympathy; moreover, their loyalty has never been impugned. Neither the Emperor nor his minister has ever dreamed of conferring upon them an undue preponderance and any innate sympathy must have inclined to the German element if it had exhibited any sign of deserving it. Graf Thun has now yielded his place to another exponent of the Imperial will and he may do so with satisfaction, for his labours have been crowned with a fair measure of success during a peculiarly critical period. He has contrived to prolong the Ausgleich by a series of delicate negotiations, during which the least false step would have magnified difficulties an hundredfold. The imminent menace of Austria is always Hungary, which, like Ireland, aims at playing the predominant partner and at the same time burking the burdens of predominance. During many years, Hungarian affairs have occupied an undue share of attention, to the exclusion of those of the senior colleague, and all the while Hungary has shirked her fair share of sacrifice. Graf Thun's settlement may be but temporary; still, it has relieved pressure upon the most vulnerable point, and his successor will receive the seals of office with a free hand to resolve domestic problems.

These problems remain acute, but they afford no new crisis. An heterogeneous empire may find smooth government at the hands of a despot, but any attempt to entrust it with the development of its own destinies must involve wrangling. There are inevitable questions of creed, nationality and tradition, which, in the case of contiguous nations, could only be settled by a war of expansion. Accordingly, the babel of parties in the Reichsrath is most natural, and the conflicts of German Nationalists, Old Czechs, Young Czechs, Anti-Semites, Clericals, Radicals, or other busybodies are a matter for regulation rather than apprehension. Excepting under the firm hand of paternal authority, they could have no consequence but civil war. In process of time the laws of give and take may find appreciation, but for the present they must be enforced by reason of the hardness of men's hearts. The constitution of the new Cabinet is strangely unimportant. The one thing needful is that its members shall be Emperor's men; if they possess strength and influence of their own, so much the better, but if they are merely a Cabinet of permanent officials, they will serve their purpose as agents of the one great Austrian statesman. This, we need hardly point out, is Francis Joseph, whose personal influence affords the best tribute to his courage and success. There are no national, patriotic or traditional sentiments to keep his subjects loyal, and the survival of his empire is accordingly a personal triumph. But forebodings for the future are thereby aggravated and a great surprise can alone safeguard Austria after his demise. Either a strong successor may reveal himself where elements of promise have been sought in vain, or the growing vigour of clericalism may erect a bulwark for Church and State alike.

Otherwise, disruption appears to be inevitable, and that sooner rather than later.

In any case, the Austrian attitude in South-Eastern Europe must conspicuously affect the issue. Sick men have no friends, in politics at any rate, but each evidence of vitality will inspire a practical, if interested sympathy. Now that Russia is largely occupied elsewhere, it will be a seriously wasted opportunity if Austria continues to relax her influence in the Balkans. No doubt she is hampered by the fact that an honourable, straightforward policy must clash with that of Hungary; but she has contrived to retain Bosnia as a private avenue despite the restive jealousy of her colleague. Remembering that she is, as Count Goluchovski once expressed it, herself a Balkan state, she has two courses open to her. She may place herself at the head of a Balkan confederation and control the policy of the whole peninsula; or she may frankly proclaim herself a Slav state and, relying upon Slav support within as well as without her borders, take up the cudgels which Russia has seemingly allowed to drop. Experience must surely have taught her ere now that an attempt to please all assures the pleasure of none. There has been too much shilly-shally, inspired by the bugbear of parliamentarism, but now an opportunity has come. The Emperor has long known his own mind; let him brace himself to act unswervingly upon it. With a ministry of permanent officials and the confidence of the best sections of his subjects, he may yet live to fortify his dominions and enable them to withstand the inevitable shock which the future holds in store.

THE WORTH OF PALAVER.

THE newspapers are full of the reports of the proceedings of divers assemblies, religious, political, social, scientific, educational, philanthropic. You cannot go far without being arrested by deterrent or seductive, in either case, lengthy announcements, summoning you, for a consideration, to join in some congress, conference, demonstration, annual meeting, or other congregation designed to promote a cause or serve a party. Within a few days the Church Congress will be upon us: we have just parted with the British Association: all the dioceses in England and Wales have just held or are just about to hold their diocesan conferences: the great political organisations are preparing for their annual meetings: and lesser bodies from head-masters to the zealots for rational dress are wont to gird themselves for the yearly task of discussion. The volume of eloquence is immense and varied: even in the partial and broken reports which appear in the newspapers it is imposing in bulk and distracting in variety. The reflective citizen cannot avoid the question, What comes of it all? What is the actual effect of such exertions of organisers and orators and readers of papers? What is the final fate of the countless resolutions proposed with solemnity, debated with ardour, carried with unbounded enthusiasm? Does this waxing tide of talk float into the harbour of accomplished fact any popular project or lift from the stony beach of public indifference any stranded scheme of private zeal? At least, it must be admitted, that the present passion for conferences incidentally serves certain objects, which if not precisely contemplated in the official programmes, are certainly neither mischievous in themselves nor wholly irrelevant to the avowed issues of debate.

Thus it cannot be doubted that the sum of human enjoyment is largely increased by the provision of so much cheap and comparatively wholesome amusement. The locality is very often chosen with a view to combining recreation with labour: the society is *ex hypothesi* attractive: there is enough exertion to occupy but not to exhaust the energies of the visitor: the common difficulties of finding lodgings and arranging expeditions are transferred to the broad shoulders of organising secretaries: and the holiday which they provide has the unique elements of intellectual pretence and public regard. The prominence allotted to social functions in the programmes of most conferences proves that the organisers are fully conscious of the extent of their

dependence on the pleasure-seeking ambitions of their constituents.

Again, it cannot be doubted, that the mere bringing together of large numbers of people, having similar interests and, therefore, perhaps specially prone to mutual suspicion and dislike, does directly minister to the gentleness of controversy and the kindliness of society. In religion, which stirs men most deeply, and provokes on that account the worst and most mischievous offences against tolerance and charity, this softening influence of conferences has been most marked. The traditions of early violence are still rehearsed at Church Congresses as proofs of the improved temper of modern churchmen. It is to the credit of human nature that the invariable effect of personal acquaintance is to weaken jealousy and promote mutual respect. It must, however, be remembered that the extent of the goodwill generated by these associations is greatly limited by a circumstance which a very slight practical experience of them brings to light. There is very little variation in the constituents of the conferences which ostensibly shift their meeting-place with the object of extending the range of public interest in the matters they discuss. There has grown up in the heart of modern society a class of nomads whose yearly migrations are determined by the wire-pullers of the associations to which they belong. The Kongressbummler as he is called in Germany is a curious and interesting type. He combines the dogmatism of the specialist with the geniality of the public man: he is critical, captious, considerate, accustomed to contradiction, and careful of his dignity; only really angry when the proceedings of his "section" are spoken about flippantly. The numerous ladies, who pursue their fads, from one end of England to the other, and always constitute a large proportion of the assemblies surrender themselves most unreservedly to the influences of their environment. They unquestionably enjoy themselves, gossiping with their old acquaintances on the events of the interval since their last conference, basking in the hospitable attentions of provincial mayors and local magnates. For just one week in the year they too are in the great world: they are at the centre: they move the course of affairs: their names are in the local papers, and even emerge in the "Times." It were ungenerous to carp at this innocent enjoyment, but clearly the social value of the conferences which provide it is largely limited by the tendency to stereotype the membership in the same persons.

The same consideration detracts from the value of the resolutions adopted. Probably the most ardent believer in conferences would base his faith chiefly on their supposed ability to form and express public opinion. But it is precisely not public opinion that is focussed in the resolutions, but the opinion of a limited body of persons whose zeal, in some sense, disqualifies them for that rôle of exponents of the general mind which they so confidently claim and which it is sometimes so convenient to concede. Of course, in scientific and professional matters, where the public entitled to have an opinion is very small, the conference may very probably represent it fairly enough, but on the larger issues of religion and politics the case is different. Who would seriously take the resolutions of the annual meeting of Conservative associations as really representing the mind of the party? That body is in a sense representative in its constitution, but even so how little weight belongs to its pronouncements. The Church Congress is not even theoretically representative, and its discussions provide a still slenderer basis for judging the general mind.

What, then, we ask finally, is the actual worth of Conferences? Directly very little: but indirectly perhaps even considerable. They provide opportunity for "blowing off steam": they are the safety valves of the community. They generate enthusiasm: they educate to some extent the public mind: above all, they give opportunities to men who know how to use them. The public attention is secured in advance for pronouncements which ought to be heeded, and which might be critically important. It is difficult to overestimate the ecclesiastical gravity of the presidential speech in the Albert Hall on 10 October: and, apart

from the Church Congress, we cannot see how any Episcopal utterance could be sure of such audience. But, when all is said, there are far too many conferences. If we again refer to the Church, it is because in the Church the mischief has gone farthest. Surely, in view of the fact that every ten years the whole Anglican Episcopate assembles at Lambeth, that every diocese has its annual conference or synod, that most archdeacons and many rural deaneries have meetings at more frequent intervals, that all the great societies of the Church have their own public assemblies, it might be agreed to call a halt and consider the situation; in other words, to think rather than talk. Might not the Congress become triennial instead of annual? There is a very grave danger already above the horizon. The modern enthusiasm for conferences, meetings, retreats coincides ominously with the waxing complaint that the standing elements of pastoral duty, study and visiting, are neglected.

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.

THERE is nothing that distinguishes nations and ages more strongly than their attitude towards death. Compare, for instance, the tranquil indifference of the Chinese Buddhist in presence of the public swordsman with the frenzied terror of the French gentlemen who trample upon women to escape from a conflagration. We shall be told it is a question of nerves, as much as of race, period, or religion. The ancient Egyptian, at any rate, being unacquainted with absinthe and cigarettes, was accustomed to look death very steadily in the face. The stout old architect who built that beautiful temple for Queen Hatshepsut, which M. Naville has now completely excavated at Deir-el-Bahari—with its exquisite paintings of the life to come, fresh as yesterday after more than three thousand years—would be much more surprised than Macaulay's Maori if he could be dropped like some Martian into modern London. He would find death present indeed everywhere, but persistently ignored. He would see no lingering ceremonies and costly preparations for interment, but a box in the earth as far away as possible from the living, or a basket in a fiery furnace, and then forgetfulness. He would read the discussions of scientific men upon the "Dying of Death," and would wonder at a people who for the most part trudge comfortably along their inevitable path with scarcely a glance at the dark door which ends it—for them. But not for him. To the Egyptian, death was but the beginning of a career of adventures and experiences compared with which the most vivid emotions of this life were tame. He lived with the fear of death before his eyes. Everything around him reminded him of that dreadful initiation into the mysteries of the tremendous after-life for which his present existence was but a preparation. His cemeteries were not hidden away in remote suburbs; his dead were not covered with mere grassy mounds or a slab of stone. The whole land was his graveyard; its whole art was of the mortuary. "Are there no graves in Egypt that thou hast brought us into the wilderness to die?" asked the Israelites in derision, and we may believe that Moses winced at the sarcasm. Egypt is the land of graves, and the whole energy of the people, that could be spared from keeping life together, was devoted to death. The mightiest tombs in the world, the pyramids, were raised upon the deaths of multitudes of toiling slaves. The hills were honey-combed with passages and galleries, chambers, pits, all painfully excavated in honour of the illustrious dead, and sculptured and painted with elaborate skill to make them fit habitations for his ghost. Wherever he looked, the Egyptian beheld preparations for the great turning point of existence. The mason was squaring blocks for the tomb-chamber; the potter moulded images of the gods, or bowls and jars, to be placed in the grave for the protection or refreshment of the Ka, exhausted with the ordeals of the Underworld; the sculptor and painter were at work upon the walls of the funeral chamber, illustrating the scenes through which the ghost was to pass, or depicting the industrious life of the departed. The very temples which cluster along

the levels beside the Nile were, in a sense, but vestibules to the tombs in the hills behind. The sacred lake, now the weedy picturesque haunt of waterfowl, was then the scene of solemn ferryings of the dead. The temple walls were covered with the terrors of the judgment to come. The houses of the living, indeed, were built of perishing mud; but the homes of the dead, and the shrines where supplication was made to the gods who ruled their fate, were made to last for ever. On these all the strength, the science, and the artistic skill of the ancient Egyptians were cheerfully lavished.

In later days they must have known the maxim that none may be called happy until he is dead, but long before Solon's time they exhausted their craft and invention in devising comforts for the poor ghost in his long home, knowing that he would need them all. The ancient Egyptian, indeed, might perhaps contrive to be happy in life, in spite of an undertakers' atmosphere, but he could not be counted happy in death till he had passed through the tests and ordeals. His modern descendant, holding the less exacting tenets of Islam, sets the body in a roomy grave, where he may sit up and answer the questions of the recording angels on the night of his death. No such prompt and brief examination awaited the mummy of the Middle Empire. The process of inquiry was long and complicated, and it needed a lifetime of careful "coaching" to secure a "pass." To enter with honours must have been rare indeed. Of all eschatologies the ancient Egyptian, so far as it can be understood, appears the most complicated, and the ghost who would save his soul alive required to be armed with a library of formulas to meet the numerous hazards and obstacles that imperilled his progress to the feet of Osiris. No man could keep such a battery of armament in his memory, and it was a part of the thoughtful ministrations of his survivors to place within his coffin a handbook to purgatory.

Such is, at least, the most obvious interpretation of the "Book of the Dead"—to give it the popular name—which is found rolled up beside many a royal or distinguished mummy which has escaped the plundering of the Burkes and Hares who have haunted the graves of Egypt in all ages, and pre-eminently in our own. The long roll of exquisitely penned and illuminated papyrus-leaf contains invocations, prayers, and talismans, which are evidently to be used by the dead as he encounters one after the other of the grisly phantoms that made the future state such an awful reality to the Egyptian. "This book," says Netchemet's papyrus, "will make thee to know what things will befall the deceased. This book is indeed a mystery. Let it never be learned by any stranger in any place whatsoever. Let no man or woman utter the words thereof. Let no eye behold it, nor no ears hear it, save those of thy son and him that taught it thee. Thou shalt not put it into the mouths of the multitude, but into thine own only: thou shalt repeat it in the room of the swathings." To understand most of the "book," in our present stage of scholarship, seems hopeless; one can but guess at the application of a passage here and there. Of course we are aware that it has been "translated," from the stout duodecimo of Menant to the serial of Renouf and the octavos, quartos, and folios of Budge; but though we do not deny that an English word can be placed under each hieroglyphic idiom or phonogram, to represent more or less approximately its general sense, it is quite another matter when it comes to translating the real meaning of a passage in this most obscure of all the Sacred Books of the East. A translation which should convey to us the same ideas that the original suggested to the Egyptian has not been and cannot be made, with our present materials, and any complete rendering into English of the series of chapters forming the Book of the Dead is chiefly valuable as a reading-book to the student of hieroglyphics, and stimulating as a bone of contention to scholars and theorists. In face of such formidable difficulties of interpretation, it is not surprising that scholars are by no means agreed about the celebrated "Totenbuch," just as they are widely at variance on many points in Egyptian religion. A symposium on the beliefs of ancient Egypt and the Book of the Dead attended by Drs. Petrie, Naville, Wiedemann, Budge, Griffith, Revillout, Maspero, and the rest, would reveal

irreconcilable differences, and it would be a mercy if it did not end in bloodshed.

The time has not come to pretend that we understand this famous work—perhaps the oldest in all history, and to its own people the most momentous. Study it we can, and write introductions and essays about it, and try to translate it into something resembling connected sense; but as yet it is chiefly conjecture, plausible enough sometimes, but liable to be upset by fresh discoveries. All this century Egypt has been yielding up her dead with accelerated energy and increasing wonder, witness the Tell-el-Amarna tablets and the papyri of Kahun. The literature of discovery in the case of the Book of the Dead is in a perpetual crescendo. The late Dr. Birch's meritorious beginnings upon the Turin papyrus, and Lepsius's "Todtenbuch," have been cast into the background by Naville's monumental edition of the various texts of the "Theban recension"—as the middle period in the development of the book is called. Then the magnificent papyrus of Ani turns up, and Dr. Budge's vast energies are occupied, but far from exhausted, by the sumptuous editions of that splendid manuscript. One can never tell what the next day of exploration in Egypt may bring forth. Meanwhile it is of the greatest importance that whatever exists should be published, so that students may have the actual texts of the several documents under their eyes. The British Museum authorities, to their credit, are keenly alive to this necessity of publication. There was a time when the Keepers of Departments considered it sufficient to be learned custodians of priceless but badly exhibited and uncatalogued collections. This has all been changed in the last thirty years. The age of the dilettanti is over—and we confess we miss their elegant scholarship and wide outlook over the whole field of archæology, as they knew it, their flavour of old libraries scented with the noble editions of Foulis and Bordon, Aldus and Baskerville, in their fragrant Russia bindings. The age of laborious editors has succeeded. The list of catalogues, guides, texts, and facsimiles, issued by the Trustees of the Museum under the advice of the late principal librarian, Sir E. A. Bond, and the present very active director Sir E. Maunde Thompson, must run to hundreds of volumes. Every department—except, by the way the Mediæval and Ethnographical, which keeps its catalogue in its own head—has contributed to this novel and increasing industry, and among so much thoroughly competent work it would be invidious to signalise any one branch for special praise. All the antiquities' departments have deserved well of the republic, and among them the Egyptian and Assyrian division has certainly not been the least laborious. The cuneiform texts of the late Sir Henry Rawlinson were among the earlier publications of this department, but if we remember rightly the Egyptian antiquities were very little published during the keepership of Dr. Birch, when the processes of photographic reproduction were of course in their infancy. A very different picture is exhibited now. Volume after volume has emanated from the untiring zeal of Dr. Budge, and they seem to grow bigger and bigger as their tale increases. In future, to the question "Where is that Leviathan?" the answer is inevitable: "On the desk of Dr. Budge;" but we hasten to add that although he seems to be inordinately fond of bulk in his publications, he does not quite emulate the vanity of Dr. Lepsius, who issued his famous "Denkmäler" under royal patronage in a format so elephantine that it takes two men of these degenerate days to handle one of his volumes. The collective tonnage of Dr. Budge's fleet of three-deckers, however, must almost equal that of Lepsius's huge galleon.

The latest production of his departmental energy, which undoubtedly is seen to most advantage when devoted to his proper subject of Egyptology, is a singularly beautiful book of the same class as the "Papyrus of Ani," first edited in 1890. The present volume* contains reproductions of five papyri, four in exact facsimile, and one in printed type. Previous pub-

lications of the Museum presented examples of the earlier redactions of the Book of the Dead, from about the twenty-seventh to the seventeenth century B.C., as represented on the coffin of Amamu, and in the papyri of Nebsemi and Ani. The new volume begins nearly where the others left off, and by examples dated roughly in the seventeenth, fourteenth, eleventh, ninth, and second centuries B.C. carries the literary history of the book from the age of the great eighteenth dynasty down to late Ptolemaic times. The last indeed, in hieratic characters, is not properly a full Book of the Dead, but rather an epitome of its contents designed for the more critical, or less patient, minds of the Græco-Egyptian age—a sort of breviary "in usum vulgi"—and is noteworthy for sundry innovations, among which one observes a more earthly conception of the future state coupled with possible hints of a resurrection of the carnal body. From an artistic point of view the papyrus of Hunefer, which Dr. Budge dates about 1370 B.C., is perhaps the most beautiful document of ancient Egypt, and its perfect state of preservation after thirty-three centuries is absolutely marvellous. To give any description of the ten magnificent plates, in which the colouring of this exquisitely illustrated manuscript is faithfully reproduced, would carry us far beyond our necessary limits. The delicacy of the drawing, seen especially in the drapery, the fine decorative feeling, the dignity of the design, will appeal at once to the eye of the least instructed, whilst to the student the various scenes in the future life, the deceased offering to rows of seated gods, the weighing of his soul by Anubis, the jackal-god, in scales (with a quite modern-looking pointer), the funeral barge, the picture of the tomb and stela, the weeping women kneeling before the mummy of their master, the gigantic cat killing the serpent, as the sun slays the darkness, are full of interest and suggestion. The hymn to the sun-god, Râ, which is found only in this papyrus, is among the most beautiful and intelligible parts of the book.

We have no space to do more than refer to the other papyri, though the vignettes of the lady Anhai are little less beautiful, and in their way more curious and unique even than the superb illustrations of Hunefer, whilst there are remarkable points about the introduction of the local god Amen into this papyrus which well deserve study. These quaint and exquisite drawings, which make this volume one of the choicest and most delightful picture-books in the world, by no means exhaust the interest or value of the work. The transcripts in hieroglyphic type, the translations, descriptions, introductions, and notes imply an "improbus labor" which makes one think that Dr. Budge, like Dumas père, must have a whole school of apprentices. It seems incredible that one man should be able to do the mere mechanical work involved in the gigantic publications which issue in his name, and it would be no wonder if in such a mass of type errors and oversights crept in. We seem indeed to trace some signs of fatigue towards the close of this volume, in the omission of any translation of the great papyrus of Nu, the earliest of the five, and especially noteworthy as probably the oldest illustrated papyrus in existence and as an independent text written by the overseer of the chancery, Nu himself, with exceptional care and knowledge. Perhaps the translation will be issued separately, but however that may be, we cannot be too grateful for this splendid volume which, whether from the mythological or artistic point of view, must be a veritable *κρημα ἐς ἀεί*.

"N'EN PARLONS PLUS."

TREES are bare in the Luxembourg Gardens, and wind blows about them, to-day. Its terrace is bleak; its bandstand empty, there are neither children in its corners nor old gentlemen on its paths. Boats do not drift across its lake; hoops no longer bowl along—nurses, gossips, grandmothers, Guignol, and the wooden-horses, have disappeared. Only one stall remains; but no one stops to chat with the dreary old lady who owns it, no one casts even a glance at her damp display. We, like everyone, hurry across, without once pausing: down the steps, across the gravel, past the "Palais du Sommeil," up more steps,

* The Book of the Dead: Facsimiles of the Papyri of Hunefer, Anhai, Kerasher, and Netchemet, with supplementary text from the Papyrus of Nu. With transcripts, translations, &c., by E. A. Wallis Budge. British Museum, 1899. 50s.

on to the Boul' Mich', where the students live more blithely than ever after their long rest by sand and sea. Bohemia is back, or rather most of it—some of its stars alas! gave their last supper in July, and hurried away. Bohemia has new Bohemians—bantlings, only just escaped from hearth and home. But it was neither to watch them sip their first bocks, nor to see how far they had succeeded in imitating the cut of their elders' trousers, that we joined them in their cafés: it was simply to hear them discuss the Verdict, which was pronounced before their return. They might build bonfires, and dance around them, hand-in-hand; they might march with lanterns, "comme autrefois," arm-in-arm. They might show their satisfaction, or their displeasure, in a manner too amazing to be missed. And so we mingled with this Jeunesse, shoulder-to-shoulder, and ordered bocks, and patronised the nut man, and smiled when Mdlle. Mimi, and her inseparable companion Mdlle. Musette, hinted for roses and nougat. And we waited for Paul to speak, expecting him to start a discussion on the "Affair;" and wondered what he would say, and how Pierre would reply. Time passed; then, everyone began to narrate their adventures in the country and by the sea. Bicycle trips were described, and journeys in yachts—everyone had covered Heaven knows how many miles of sea and ground. Everyone had led a healthy, sober life—rising at six, retiring at ten, stopping only twice on a tremendous trip for bock. Everyone had lived over a garden that had flowers, poultry, and a peerless peacock. And the moons! And the stars! And those silent, silent walks! So splendid all of them, so soothing that Pierre solemnly declared that he would gladly live among cows and cabbages for ever, and put on sabots, and plough, and weed, and dig, and farm. Then, it was Mdlle. Mimi's turn, and then her friend's, and both told of astonishing trips in motor-cars, and of picnics in woods, and even more enthusiastically, of the bundles of flowers they had gathered—for Murger's daughters love flowers more than nougat, and always did, and always will. Soon, however, Paul thought it time to be witty; and innocently asked, "Does the Republic last still?" "Sais pas," answered Mdlle. Mimi, "call the waiter." And, when the waiter had replied, Paul remarked "épatant." More bocks were brought, and more nuts and nougat swallowed, but still no one referred to Rennes. Groups began to make for Bullier's; and we ourselves were about to depart, when one of Bohemia's bantlings observed that a distant cousin of his had been present at the court martial. "Young man," replied Paul, "that topic is forbidden—here, on the Rive Gauche, nous n'en parlons plus." Blushing, the bantling apologised; and, as we made our way down the Boul' Mich', we disapproved of Paul, and felt disappointed in him, and wished that he had got upon his chair and made a generous speech, and thereby done credit to himself and to the Jeunesse. Every café was full, and we entered many, hoping always to hear the name of Captain Dreyfus. But everywhere the talk was the same, always of boats and bicycles. So we wandered on, discontentedly enough, and had just stopped to wait for the crazy little omnibus that goes to Montmartre, when Bibi la Purée came in view. He carried his umbrella and he wore his rose, but his expression was sad and his step slow. Limply, he shook hands; and we knew from his manner that he had a strange story to unfold. "Friends," he began, "Bibi, the brother of Verlaine, the pride of the quarter, the accomplice of Karl, has been in prison. Bibi was fool enough to stray from the land of the students, and to cross the bridge, and to loiter on the boulevards. And Bibi had a quarrel with an infamous bourgeois, and a struggle with a policeman, and an audience with a magistrate who condemned him to sit in a cell for fifteen days." No details followed; no description of what took place, but we understood the real nature of Bibi's offence and told him sympathetically that the students had now returned and that, in future, he would have no need to go so far as the boulevards for umbrellas. And Bibi's eye glistened again, and his "shake-hand" was warm as he said good-bye. "What," was our parting shot, "does Bibi think of the verdict?" "Bibi," he answered, "has but one reply—N'en parlons plus."

It is almost an hour's drive from the Boul' Mich' to Montmartre, and through mean streets. Rows of wine-shops line either side of the way; you only get a glimpse of the boulevards. When the hill begins, cabs and omnibuses begin to slacken, then to walk, and then to crawl. All kinds and conditions of people make the ascent—boulevardiers, sometimes students, frequently tourists en route for the Moulin Rouge. When we had reached the middle of the hill, strains fell upon our ear. They came from a disreputable fellow, with a sheath of songs, and a scarlet sash that reminded one of those sinister fellows who haunt the sides of the Seine. No violin accompanied him; no guitar—he was even less of a vocalist than those strolling minstrels who chant sentimental airs in corners and court. "N'en Parlons Plus" he was shouting as we came up. "Dix centimes! N'en Parlons Plus." Few sought for sous, however; and so he sang

"Le cauchemar est fini, car la France est vengée,
Qu'importe que l'on a gracié Dreyfus?
La nation entière, heureuse et soulagée,
N'a plus qu'un désir—c'est qu'on n'en parle plus."

"Quite right," observed a portly gentleman next to us. "Quite right—N'en Parlons Plus" . . . Wild sounds came from the Conservatoire de Montmartre—presided over by M. Henri Martin, a wit, and proprietor of the cabaret—and wild men sat within. It was the "réouverture," the first night of the season; and the chief chansonnier was singing another version of "N'en Parlons Plus." Still, the Montmartrois must have their joke; and, although M. Martin made a long speech in which he declared that anyone who referred to Rennes would be immediately fined, the first chansonnière was introduced as the sister of the "Veiled Lady," and no other than "Blanche." Others were announced as "Speranza" and the "Demi Dieu." At the cabaret of the Four Arts, we were told that anyone who mentioned the "Affair" would be expelled; at Heaven, Hell, and Death, the same proclamation was made from a pulpit, a cauldron, and a coffin. And, as we drove furiously down the hill and rocked dangerously to and fro and wished ourselves safe and sound on the pavement, a noisy party passed us singing the Conservatoire version of "N'en Parlons Plus."

The Halles was our next and last destination; and it was three in the morning when we arrived. Carts and baskets of vegetables stood in the way; it was difficult to walk. At corners, queer old women sold coffee and soup. Business had not yet begun, however; and so we sought out the famous cellars of the Halles where, until four in the morning, the market-people gather to sip and smoke and sing and talk. There are four cellars, leading out of one another, furnished with rude tables, chairs, and a very old piano. And, as we reached the last stair and passed into a smoky atmosphere, the same wretched minstrel whom we had met on the hill rose and announced—"N'en Parlons Plus." . . . Horrified, we fled. Outside, a number of porters were quarrelling over a copy of the "Aurore." As they were on the verge of coming to blows, a policeman intervened and, with unusual good humour, inquired what was the matter. "If Dreyfus," began one, "did not —" "Soyez raisonnable," replied the policeman. "N'en parlons plus." . . . Flying again, we found ourselves at last in a quiet street. No one was about; we walked without encountering a soul for half a mile. Then, all at once, a strange couple came in view—husband and wife, the first stumbling, the second scolding. As they passed us, the wife said furiously, "This is the fifth time you have been drunk in a week." "Voyons, voyons," hiccupped her husband. "N'en Parlons Plus." . . .

THE GOODLY COMPANY OF DUFFERS.

SOME years ago the Renshaw "smash" drove the duffer from the tennis-lawn. What has been the consequence? The game has steadily declined in popularity, until it is now all but superseded by croquet. The man who travels with his own mallet is threatening to drive the duffer off the croquet-lawn, and unless the

duffers stand shoulder to shoulder in this matter croquet will share the fate of lawn-tennis. Men, wearing the garb and using the manners of gentlemen, have been known, with the assistance of a second ball, to go right round the lawn and become rovers in a single turn. Where is this sort of thing to stop? In an old and wealthy country like England there are always a considerable number of persons who have nothing else to do but to play games, and who consequently acquire the skill, if they do not pocket the profits, of the professional. But when all's said and done, they must always be a narrow and selfish oligarchy, and they ought not to be allowed to tyrannise over the Outlander majority, which is the real backbone of the country. If it be conceded, as it must be, that the object of all games and sport is to provide the greatest happiness for the greatest number, then the unassailable right of the duffer to exist stands established. For he or she amuses himself or herself, play he or she never so badly, even if his or her partner does not. Why, for instance, should the man who misses a ball at ten yards, or who hovers round the third hoop in loud-lunged despair for an hour, require to be pressed into a game, and bear himself lowly and submissively? The mere fact of dufferhood raises a presumption of moral superiority. The time that has been passed by the "pro" in roquetting and croquetting and getting through hoops has been spent by the duffer in getting through examinations, or in an office, or at the Bar. Shall the hand that shakes from toil and the eye that wanders from honourable weariness rank lower than the cheap skill of the loafer? The real source of the duffers' weakness in the world is their imperfect sympathy with one another. It is a painful but incontestable psychological fact that the one object of a duffer is to dissociate himself from, if not to exclude altogether, his brother. The man who regularly asks "What ball plays next?" has been known to decline playing with Jones, on the ground that the latter "hasn't the faintest notion of the game."

What is true of croquet applies, of course, to other games and sports. Take bridge, for instance. Why should a man who makes spades trumps at the beginning of a game be openly denounced, and secretly avoided, by his fellow-creatures? Or why should anyone blush and apologise for not knowing the leads or the position of the last trump? The members of the Turf and the Portland are not the salt of the earth, and there is no reason why they should prevent honest folk from enjoying themselves in their ignorant way. At cards, however, where money is a stake, it has to be admitted that different considerations enter in. It may be argued that no one has a right to lose another's money through his own ignorance. But is not this thing done every day in the City without blame—at least without explicit reproach? Do not stockbrokers lose their clients' money every day of the week owing to their stupendous ignorance of the game? Besides, there is no game at which a duffer is more severely punished than at bridge; and as partners are cut for after each rubber, what one loses by another gains from the duffer. In certain circles, indeed, the appearance of the "mug" at the bridge-table is hailed with ill-concealed delight. And to tell the truth, the duffer has less to complain of at bridge than in any other amusement. Ladies play bridge, furiously and in large numbers, and their petticoats temper the wind to the shorn duffer.

We are wrong: there is another game at which duffers are even more numerous and less abashed than at bridge. Round and round the golf-links the duffer tramps cheerily and without humiliation. He need not apologise to himself, and his caddy suffers him gladly for his money. As for the adversary, he is far too busy with his own strokes to sneer. Besides at golf you can always explain after a drive of eighty yards that you have taken the thing up late in life, more for sake of being in the open air than for the game itself. Billiards is a game at which the duffer ought to assert his right to play more strenuously than he does, for a great deal of amusement and exercise can be got out of trying to make cannons and hazards, while surely no harm is done to anybody. The one pastime at which it is difficult to defend the presence of the duffer is

shooting, and here it is necessary to distinguish. The dangerous shot is *hostis humani generis*, and we are surprised that public opinion does not assert itself more strongly against a man who is either ignorant or reckless of the use of his gun. The cheery sailor and the smart soldier are, by common consent, the most dangerous companions; yet though the number of places where they are asked to shoot probably gets smaller every year, one has never heard them rated with half the severity that is meted out to the wretch who plays a wrong card. But a man may be a bad, without being a dangerous, shot. Some men miss more birds than they hit, but are perfectly safe from a knowledge of their weapon and out of consideration for others. The shooting duffer, in this sense, has of course a perfect right to exist and to take what shooting he can get. Hunting is a sport where everyone is so much "on his own," that whether a man is a duffer or not concerns himself almost exclusively. There is to be sure the Juggins whose horse bolts and runs over a hound or into somebody else. But barring accidents of this kind, which are after all rare, the duffer who doesn't jump is surely justified in pottering about the lanes and rides. People are less shy than they used to be about owning that they do not jump, which would seem to prove that toleration for the duffer is more prevalent in the hunting-field than in other quarters. We take our amusements so seriously that the duffer has a harder time in England than in any other country. But, as we have already pointed out, he has his future in his own hands. If he can only overcome his contempt for himself and his likes, the duffer has immense prospects, for mediocrity is the badge of the many, and we live in democratic times.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

THESE volumes* come from the two publishers for whom almost all Beardsley's work, after Mr. Dent's *Morte Darthur*, was done. Beardsley and his public were well served by those two publishers, who gave him the means of free expression instead of forcing him into uncongenial hack illustrator's work. The second stepped in when the first grew faint-hearted. For Mr. Smithers he was working at the time of his death, and the first volume contains last gleanings of unpublished drawings as well as some examples from *The Savoy*, *Rape of the Lock*, *Lysistrata*, *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and the unfinished *Volpone*, all brought out by Mr. Smithers. Mr. Lane, on the other hand, recovering from the panic in which he dismissed Beardsley from *The Yellow Book*, republishes the best pages from that serial, and even the illustrations to *Salome*, including two that never appeared, the editor, Mr. Marillier, remarking that "the public nerves become gradually insensitive to one particular kind of shock." "Gradually sensitive" would have been more exact. Besides these is a host of designs for title-pages and covers of books published by Mr. Lane, several designs from other sources and one or two new drawings of interest.

In both volumes there is new matter for which we may thank the publishers, and old which it is agreeable to have creamed from other books. But before going into this it is necessary to say a word about a regrettable feature of both collections. The temptation was of course very great to scrape together every fragment of work by so interesting a man, and publish it on the plea advanced by Mr. Smithers that these rejected scraps help to the understanding of the artist's talent. That to speak plainly is nonsense, though it is nonsense of a fashionable kind. Beardsley's performance, his brilliant, witty extravagances based on the slenderest equipment in drawing, was of the nature of a tight-rope performance, exquisite but precarious. He had the sense, when he had practised a wrong step in private, or slipped before the public, not to make his fall a feature of further displays. But here are all his child's totterings,

* "A Second Book of Fifty Drawings." By Aubrey Beardsley. London: Smithers, 1899. 10s. 6d. net.

"The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley." With a prefatory note by H. C. Marillier. London and New York: John Lane, 1899. 31s. 6d. net.

all his false steps and slips solemnly exhibited as a posthumous memorial. Let us clear our minds of this particular piece of cant and beg the publishers of remains to do the same. When a performer falls from the tight-rope he does not show how he succeeds in doing his trick, he only does what any fool can do and in exactly the same way. Thus Mr. Smithers publishes a drawing in red chalk of Madame Réjane which Beardsley expressly forbade him to put in the collection. One has only to glance at it to see why. It is an attempt at the representation of three dimensions in drawing a face, the ordinary convention which Beardsley never cared for and never mastered; and it shows a beginner's blundering use of the chalk in fluffy touches of tone. The man who had so extraordinary a mastery of another technique, and so cunning, evasive a use of another convention, was of course disgusted with his failure. In a half-hearted way he tried to titivate it by pen-dottings of a misplaced pattern, and a great deal of signature; but there it was, a thing to be concealed, torn up, forgotten.

It is perhaps to expect too much of the fondness of friends that they should do this kindly office for the failures that have survived in their hands; but if they cannot make up their minds to burn immature (in Beardsley's case child's) work and the rare mistakes of a wary draughtsman, they ought not to lend them for publication. In Mr. Smithers' book we have to work through a dreadful set of fifteen scraps from one friend's collection, of which only two have a possible right to appear. Then follow two pseudo-Botticelli tondos. Mr. Hallé, Mr. Spencer Stanhope, Mr. Strudwick, Mrs. de Morgan are the masters of this deplorable art, and Beardsley was an ugly duckling in that pond. Mr. Marillier has dug up a *Hail Mary!* and some other bad Burne Jones's, but his worst sin is to reprint a number of illustrations done for the *Pall Mall Budget*. I suppose with the kindly idea of giving Beardsley, on his first appearance, something to do, the editor of that paper set him to make drawings at the theatres, and portraits of celebrities. Happily Beardsley did these things so much worse than the most ordinary illustrator and took wing on his own account so promptly that he was not long tempted from his own path. Why, oh why bring this rubbish up against him?

The first novelty in Mr. Smithers' collection that arrests the eye is *Incipit Vita Nova*. It is one of Beardsley's strongest designs, and perhaps the most cynical. A little fetus-creature reads the book of life with the eye that is gathering out of that terrible first caricature of humanity. It is a more ingenious outrage on life than any corpse, and to heighten the horror the legend assigns it to one of the sacred places of poetry. The next piece was worth preserving, for in this *Litany of Mary Magdalen* we see Beardsley, still borrowing mannikins and decoration from Burne Jones, but beginning to employ them for his own purposes, the satirist emerging from the rhythms of the elegist. The same design, rehanded, is to be found in Mr. Marillier's collection. Then there is a *Madame Réjane* belonging to an admirable group of portraits including another of that lady, and one of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in which Beardsley found means to slip the essence of likeness into his arbitrary masks. These, growing naturally out of his first purely calligraphic tentatives at human features, are to be compared with the chalk drawing, the failure already referred to. Later comes a most entertaining design for a reformed ballet costume. It was intended, if I am not mistaken, for the *London Garland*, and was a skit upon the reformers of the County Council. Nothing is seen of the dancer but a little head that tops an immense pyramid of drapery festooned with flowers and leaves, and the embroidered figure rises up in the empty square of white to ghostly stature. Another new design, and one of the ripest in Beardsley's work, is the frontispiece for the *Forty Thieves*, an immense Ali Baba. The quality given to the blacks and whites by their distribution of mass and by the manner of their breaking up in the jewelled parts is extraordinary, the amplitude and relevancy of the whole are worlds away from the loose ends and frittered detail of the early work, and the lettering, a weak feature in early drawings, is clean and handsome. The *Messalina* drawings are

admirable. This voluptuous person, exhibiting her charms with the angry decent pomp of a dowager, is one of Beardsley's funniest whims.

Others of the drawings such as the *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, the *Baron Verdigris*, the title-page of the *Pierrot of the Minute*, the cover of the *Houses of Sin* are not familiar to all readers and are all charming. In the *Volpone* designs Beardsley was experimenting in a sort of podgy rococo, and doubling on his imitative pursuers with a rather absurd lead pencil technique. He was tired perhaps for the moment of his own skill with the pen, and wanted to pass over into modelling.

Mr. Lane's collection depends not so much on novelties as on containing the best of Beardsley's work up to and including the *Yellow Book*, from the *Birthday of Madame Cigale*, one of his first characteristic inventions, up to such masterpieces as *The Education Sentimentale*, *Lady Gold's Escort*, *The Wagnerites* and the splendid design of himself in an immense curtained bed. But there are one or two noticeable new things, such as the *Atalanta*. Beardsley had the fashionmaker's gift for deforming the human body in captivating ways, by bizarre exaggeration now of one neglected form, now of another. The *Nocturne of Chopin*, a design for the *Yellow Book* cover, and a *Maitresse d'Orchestre* are others of those whimsical costume pieces.

Those whom Beardsley grievously disconcerted might gain, by turning those pages, a juster notion of the illogical way in which an artistic talent very often develops itself, especially if it has to develop itself in breathless haste. When we theorise at ease we picture the artist as a kind of prophet, bursting in his youth with something he must say, and gradually learning the language and the eloquence which will express and recommend his burden. When we examine actual cases we must often put up with a much more topsyturvy order, with boys who begin with a taste for eloquence, who express, for the pleasure of eloquence, quite uncongenial sentiments and must gradually make themselves a soul, seek out and painfully confirm their own attitude to life. Beardsley's career is a complete inversion of the accredited order. He begins, goodness knows how, with a perfect technique, a nervous power, namely, of drawing lines of exactly what fineness and exactly of what form he willed. Many great artists would have envied him this gift. Then, dawning with this power, but lagging behind it, came what by all the rules ought to have preceded it, a conception of an embroidery of black and white in lines and masses. Lagging again behind this decorative sense was the idea of how this embroidery might be amusingly woven into shapes of men and things as a kind of accident in the play and spinning of the lines. And last of all, I take it, was any control of these shapes, beyond the pleasure in what might turn up, and the necessary turning to grotesque of one who had no sure hold on the forms of life. The web was spun first and the fancies caught in it like flies.

Beardsley's technique applied itself naturally enough at the outset to the forms and sentiment of Burne Jones. As a boy he turned to the greatest line spinner of our time, but it was impossible for him to remain subdividing the draperies and intensifying the wistfulness of a world not really congenial to him. Once having tumbled into this world he could hardly escape without scandal. When his wit awoke, and terrible grimaces began to distort the pious faces of puppets drawn not from life but from Burne Jones, he was in the position of a man brawling in church, so sacred had the brooding amorousness of English art become. Beardsley escaped by way of the decoration of Japanese prints and other models, and embarked on the leering grotesques that made him famous. These were the only sort of images that his means allowed, sharp and telling enough to satisfy his wit and his desire of technical perfection. He could not widen his range by direct recourse to life, for that was not the way his talent worked. He must work from point to amusing point as he played with and modified his masks, recognising in what came about under his hands a possible rendering of a new type or sentiment. And gradually these inventions were accumulating, the monstrous leer and perversion of his early work was becoming a more flexible mask, and veins of queer

tenderness were opening up in his design. By way of bygone fashions in dress his art was learning new feelings, and he knelt, a sentimental pilgrim, before altars draped like toilette tables. Born Puck, he died Pierrot, and died too soon.

D. S. M.

THE SYMPHONY.

IN an ably argued and ably written article in the current number of the "Chord" Mr. Edward A. Baughan puts in "A Plea for the Symphony." As this is a damp day in a damp district, I propose to desiccate myself a little by saying my say on this obviously dry topic. The state of affairs with regard to the symphony is just this: no one will write one and no one would listen to one if it were written. The problem is: how shall composers be induced to write symphonies and audiences to hearken patiently to them? In discussing a subject of this sort it is just as well sometimes to begin at the beginning, and apparently the first thing to do now is to inquire whether there is any cogent reason why symphonies should be written and heard. If by symphonies we mean merely correct pieces of music written in Haydn-Mozart-cum-early-Beethoven form, with nothing save their school-correctness to recommend them, then it must be admitted that not even a bad excuse for their existence can be found. It is the pedants, the professors, the Academics, indeed, who are partly responsible for the bad odour in which the symphony remains just now. Ever since Beethoven's day they have patiently gone on writing what they believed and still believe to be new works on the old model. The first subject of the first movement is and has always been of the correct character, the second subject of the correct character and in the correct key; the "working-out" section always is and always has been duly sprinkled with touches of school counterpoint, and no fault can or ever could be found in the recapitulation. The Academics, in fact, have virtually persevered in writing the same symphony everlastingly again and again. The last symphony turned out by some Royal College gentleman is in all essentials the same symphony as some antiquated rusty-suited contrapuntist wrote in Leipsic in the twenties. No wonder the public long ago grew weary of hearing the monotonous old thing; no wonder the younger men said that if their symphonies must be even as this, they would write anything rather than symphonies. This, certainly, is not the thing Mr. Baughan pleads for. He wants something fresh in symphony: his plea indeed is simply a plea for something fresh; and if you ask why he troubles about the symphony at all, he replies that you cannot write a piece of absolute music, a piece of music independent of any programme yet possessing some kind of form, without it becoming, whether or not you may wish it, a symphony. If you won't write symphonies the only kind of orchestral music left open to you is programme-music, called symphonic poems, or ballades, or legends or what not. And if you attach no story to your piece of music, and it is a true and logical expression of something you have felt, form inevitably ensues, and the result is a symphony. Mr. Baughan prefers this to the symphonic poem, which has so far proved an utter failure. He is right, of course. We want some good and new symphonies; and when they are composed people will quickly listen to them. It is not necessary to drive people into Queen's Hall with goads to hear Mr. Wood's fine interpretation of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic;" the public even crowds to hear Beethoven's Fifth and Ninth, which we know are quite old-fashioned; and when another Beethoven or Tschaikowsky comes along the public will rush to hear his music also. But if the danger is small of any of our composers becoming Beethovens or Tschaikowskys, how much more completely is it removed by their determination to become, not Tschaikowskys or Beethovens, but Berliozs, Liszts or Dvořáks. They decline to try the road which again and again has led to artistic success, but follow, one after another, in swift succession, along the path that leads straight to artistic damnation.

There are many reasons for the decay of interest in the symphony. One I have already given. The teach-

ing institutions of Europe have, during the last fifty years, turned out thousands of young men, all determined to become distinguished, but all equally determined not to write symphonies, or music in any of the "accepted" forms. They have all been taught how to write in the accepted forms: they have been made to write sonatas, suites, symphonies and fugues; they have been told that this is "right" and the other "wrong;" and when they have possessed any ability whatever they have seen that the tests applied to their work were arbitrary and wholly worthless, that they might as well have been judged by the size or quality of their score-paper or the number of staves they used on a page. Above all, they have seen that the music of their masters was ineffably dull and tedious, that the examples set before them of perfectly constructed music never afforded a moment's pleasure. They have revolted—all the men of any ability—against "form." Then Wagner, followed by all save the dullards, has preached his doctrine: that Beethoven said the last word in absolute music, and henceforth only one species of music, dramatic music—i.e. Richard's dramatic music—could be honest and worth hearing. Quite as potent as Wagner's teaching has been his example: everyone has wanted to write dramatic music. When it could not be written for the stage it has been written for the concert-room, and to explain what really could only be explained by dramatic action and words, programmes have come in. The result, as I have said, has been a failure, a disastrous failure. The best of the symphonic poems written during the last twenty years are slop; the worst are simply very bad slop. They are simply pieces of incidental music to a drama which the listener is supposed to carry in his mind; and nothing is easier to write or harder to listen to (patiently) than that kind. The fact of its being an accompaniment to a story excuses the lack of purely musical interest; the fact of there being no voices, nor action, nor scenery, and the fact that the purely musical interest ought to predominate, even if it does not, excuse the music for never telling the story it is supposed to tell. There is not, and never will be, an effective symphonic poem. Parts of Berlioz and Liszt are fine; but not one of their symphonic poems is effective, no matter from what point of view it is considered. After all the failures, without the example of one success to cheer us, we ought to turn our backs on the symphonic poem, and go straight once more to the natural form of symphonic music, the symphony.

It ought to be clear enough already that I do not mean the regulation symphony with the regulation number of movements in the regulation order, containing the regulation number of subjects in the regulation keys. I am fully in agreement with Mr. Baughan when he says that a symphony need be only in one movement, or consist of any number of movements in any order that the composer pleases. If the music rightly expresses the thing in the composer's mind—that is, if the thing is so expressed that one feels it—it will be logical and therefore have true form. There is no reason why a composer should not introduce polkas, waltzes, even barn-dances, into his mighty achievements: if his purpose is serious, and he has genius enough, he may effect as much with the barn-dance as Beethoven did with the scherzo. As Mr. Baughan says in his concluding sentence, so would I say in mine, "Let the young composer make what modifications he will, and turn a deaf ear to the protests of the learned doctors in music, but let him recognise that the essentials of the symphony-form are not barren formalism, but are based on the unalterable logic of human expression."

J. F. R.

"KING JOHN" AND OTHER PLAYS.

IN a nobly vaulted chamber of Northampton Castle are set the thrones of the king and the queen mother. The portly chamberlain, wand-bearing, red-robed, stands waiting on one of the topmost steps of the great staircase. An organ sounds, and he stalks majestically down. After him skips a little jester. A long sombre procession of bowed heads and folded arms, the monks come, chanting a Mass. After them

walk the courtiers. The monks pass away through the arches. The courtiers range themselves around the throne. A blast of trumpets heralds the king and the queen mother, who presently seat themselves upon the thrones. In the brief parley with Chatillon—"new diplomacy," with a vengeance!—one feels that not the king, but the sinister and terrible old figure beside him, is the true power, ever watching, prompting, enforcing. Chatillon flings his master's defiance and is escorted from the presence-chamber. The ill-matched brothers are ushered in; the straight-limbed elder, splendidly confident and insolent; the younger, lantern-jawed and cringing, grinning with fear. At the foot of the throne, the younger whines his cause with quick, wretched gestures. The king suppresses a smile. His eyes wander to the bastard, finding in him "perfect Richard." "Man and no-man" are here—an elemental situation. Sped by a blow of the jester's bladder, "no-man" scurries out of the chamber, happy in the acquisition of his gold. The bastard is left exulting in his manhood and the glory it has brought him. . . . Under the walls of Angiers, Philip of France parleys with his enemy. The queen mother holds out her arms to little Arthur, and Constance reads in her eyes all that would befall him in England. The citizens open their gates, and on a cushion the keys of the city are presented to the two kings, who, hand in hand, pass in to hold revelry. . . . Pandulpho, tremendous embodiment of the Pope's authority, comes to the two kings. John, strong in his mother's presence, receives the curse. Philip snatches his hand away from the clasp of his ally. Torn with conflicting fears, he submits himself to Rome. . . . You see the two armies "face to face, and bloody point to point." In a corner of a dark field, fitfully lit by the flames of a distant village, you see the victorious bastard fell his arch foe and snatch from his shoulders the lion skin of King Richard. . . . In a glade of slim beeches, John communes with the faithful, grim Hubert. The old soldier stands immovable, while his master whispers in his ear. Beyond, stands the queen mother, watching with her eyes of ill omen. Little Arthur is plucking the daisies. The king smiles down at him as he passes, and the child starts away. There are some daisies growing near the spot where the king has been whispering his behest. Lightly, he cuts the heads of them with his sword. . . . In the crypt there is no light but from the cresset where the irons will be heated. Arthur runs in, carrying a cross-bow on his shoulder. "Good morrow, Hubert." "Good morrow, little prince. . . ." All the vassals have left their king. The jester who watched the scene from a gallery has fled too. The king takes up the orb and the sceptre, sits haggard upon his throne. Hubert comes in, and the sound of this footstep causes the king to shudder and cry out like a child. But Arthur still lives. Nothing but his death-warrant remains against the king. While the king burns this parchment on the cresset, the monks file in to their Mass. Up the stairs they go, chanting. The king smiles, and then, still standing by the cresset, folds his hands in prayer. He walks, with bowed head, up the stairs, abases himself at the altar. . . . It is the dusk of dawn in the orchard of Swinstead Abbey, and through the apple-trees the monks hurry noiselessly to the chapel. The dying king is borne out in a chair. He is murmuring snatches of a song. The chair is set down, and with weak hands he motions away his bearers. "Ay marry," he gasps, "now my soul hath elbow-room; it would not out at windows nor at doors. There is so hot a summer in my bosom, that all my bowels crumble up to dust. . . . And none of you will bid the winter come, to thrust his icy fingers in my maw." The bastard comes in hot haste, and the king, to receive his tidings, sits upright, and is crowned for the last time. He makes no answer to the tidings. One of the courtiers touches him, ever so lightly, on the shoulder, and he falls back. The crown is taken from his head and laid on the head of the child who is now king. The bastard rings out those words in which the poetry of patriotism finds the noblest expression it can ever find. . . .

I have written down these disjointed sentences, less in order to enable my readers to imagine the production at Her Majesty's Theatre than to preserve and accentuate for my own pleasure my own impressions.

Probably, I have omitted many of the important points in the play and in the show: I have merely recorded the things which an errant memory has kept clearest. Most of the points I have alluded to are, as you will have observed, points of "business" and stage management. For this I make no apology. I had never seen the play acted before, and I must confess that, reading it, I had found it insufferably tedious. I had found many beautiful pieces of poetry in it, but drama had seemed to me absolutely lacking. That was because I have not much imagination. Lengths of blank verse, with a few bald directions—enter A; exeunt B and D; dies; alarums and excursions;—are not enough to make me *see* a thing. (And, I take it, this is the case with most of my fellow-creatures.) Therefore, when I go to a theatre and find that what bored me very much in the reading of it is a really fine play, I feel that I owe a great debt of gratitude to the management which has brought out the latent possibilities. I can imagine that a bad production of "King John" would be infinitely worse than a private reading of it. A bad production would make the play's faults the more glaring. But a good production, as at Her Majesty's, makes one forget what is bad in sheer surprise at finding so much that is good. I can say without partiality, and with complete sincerity, that I have never seen a production in which the note of beauty was so surely and incessantly struck as in this production of King John. As for the actual performance, there are many interesting points which, unfortunately, I cannot discuss this week. I shall write about the performance as soon as there are not so many other plays clamouring to be noticed.

Mr. C. B. Fernald was, I think, tactless in calling his play "The Moonlight Blossom." The title was obviously meant to suggest beauty, and it fails to do so. I do not say that "blossom" is, in itself, an ugly word. I do not believe that there is such a thing as an intrinsically ugly word. Words sound ugly or beautiful according to their associations. For example, "ermine," which sounds very beautiful, is no more beautiful really than "vermin," a word which one would condemn as utterly hideous. Its sound, or the sight of it written, is delightful only because it suggests mantled queens and the finery of noblemen. In itself it is not beautiful, nor is the other word hideous. Ten years ago, doubtless, "blossom" was a delightful word; but now, though its actual significance has not changed, it is a word to be avoided. Especially if it is preceded by another dissyllabic noun, it is a quite impossible word, a word hopelessly compromised and degraded. You may smile at my pedantry, but you cannot deny that I am right. You remember—it is one of those things which stick in the memory—that dreadful, querulous song, "Only a pansy blossom," which was everywhere warbled for many months and may still be heard from the lips of poor wretches who walk croaking in the side streets lest they starve. And you know the dreadful scent which is stored in automatic machines on the Underground Railway for the refreshment of stifled City men. "Cherry blossom" and "pansy blossom" . . . how could "moonlight blossom" sound otherwise than hideous? And why was Mr. Fernald so tactless? If his play had been really delightful, the title would have spoiled my pleasure. It aggravates my displeasure at a play that is as tedious as it might (had the author used his gifts rightly) have been delightful. Oh, the tedious, involved plot! I was striving vainly to understand it, whilst I might have been enjoying the background. The hero was suspected of having committed, years ago, a crime which was really committed by his half-brother and an unscrupulous widow. And there were endless machinations and botherations, only relieved by merciful pauses for symbolism and for local colour. The symbolism was pretty, though rather perfunctorily worked in. The local colour was delightful. The capture of a criminal, the duel on stilts, the little dance, made the plot seem the more intolerable when it was resumed. It would have been so easy for Mr. Fernald to weave these things into a simple and pretty love story. In the love passages he shows (despite a tendency to be iambic) that he can write delicately and imaginatively. But these love passages are so bedevilled by the surrounding plot

that they gave me little pleasure. I shall go to the Prince of Wales' again, taking the play as mere spectacle and letting its significance go hang. The scenery and the dresses were, indeed, fascinating. Fascinating, too, was Mrs. Campbell. I know not whether she was like a real Japanese girl; if she was not, she should be taken by all Japanese girls as a model. The way she walked and the way she danced were irresistible, and the way she used her voice, like a child playing the piano with one finger, gave a peculiar, child-like charm to all the things she had to say. Mr. Forbes Robertson, as the suspect hero, was a little too austere. True, the part was meant to be very sombre; but Mr. Robertson put so much sombreness into his every tone and movement that I was fain to suspect him of being depressed by his part. I blame not him, but the author. There was a strong cast—Miss Rosina Filippi, Miss Eleanor Calhoun, Mr. James Welch and others.

Mr. Kinsey Peile is a person to be encouraged; not one to be groaned at, as at the Avenue Theatre on Saturday night. He had written a comedy which was not adapted from the French, and he had done it without a collaborator. Two good signs! And much of his dialogue was really amusing, and, though his last act fell to pieces, the rest of his play was wrought adroitly. I do not say that the future history of British drama will be the history of Mr. Kinsey Peile's development; but, at least, this "Interrupted Honeymoon" proves its author to have both talent and good intentions.

"Boy Bob," in which to see Miss Louie Freear I visited the Metropole Theatre, Camberwell, is twaddle so outrageous that not Miss Freear herself, for all her humour and sensibility, is worth seeing in it.

MAX.

FINANCE.

STILL waiting are the only words with which to characterise the attitude of the Stock Markets during the week, and the state of suspense with regard to the future of South Africa has caused a further depression in values all round. At the moment of writing it is generally felt that war is inevitable, and no one is disposed to operate on either side, for speculators for the rise are still waiting for lower values, and operators for the fall, taught by bitter experience, are not by any means confident that the actual outbreak of hostilities will mean any considerable relapse in prices. On the whole it has perhaps been fortunate that the settlement which has been in progress during the week and concluded yesterday has given the markets something with which to occupy their minds, and has therefore prevented them to some extent from contemplating the extremely unsatisfactory state of affairs. Making-up prices on Tuesday and Wednesday naturally reflected the uneasiness which has prevailed throughout the last account. The Settlement showed indeed that the speculative account open for the rise is reduced to very small dimensions, and that there have been bear operations of some magnitude, so that in spite of the higher value of money carrying-over rates were perceptibly easier than at the mid-monthly settlement. The lists showed an almost unbroken succession of falls, and in Home Rails Great Easterns, on which the bears seem to have made rather a violent attack, were down as much as $3\frac{1}{2}$, whilst Chatham and Dover First and Second Preference were both two points lower, Great Northern "A" $1\frac{1}{2}$, Great Western, North-Eastern and Metropolitan 1, and a great many of the rest were down from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$. American Rails, from the combined effect of the fear of war and the carefully engineered money flurries in New York, showed a still more serious relapse. Milwaukee fell $5\frac{1}{2}$ during the account, and Norfolk Preference $2\frac{1}{2}$. Atchison Preference and Union Pacific Common were $2\frac{1}{2}$ lower, New York Central 2, and many others one point and more. Canadian railway stocks were all adversely affected. Foreign stocks kept fairly firm, and Spanish Fours even improved slightly, no doubt on account of the better position of affairs in Paris. At the moment of writing everyone is anxiously awaiting the delayed despatch from the Transvaal Government and the deci-

sion of the Cabinet Council, and though a faint spark of hope still glows in a very few breasts the majority of people are prepared for the worst. What the result of an ultimatum to the Transvaal will be on the markets it is impossible for the most experienced to predict. But its ultimate despatch has been anticipated for so long that it is quite possible it may, by ending uncertainty, at once improve the market position, at any rate in all those departments which, unlike the South African market, will not be directly affected by hostilities. With regard to Kaffirs the outlook is wholly uncertain, and there are some indications that the actual fall in case of war may be greater than we have hitherto anticipated.

There was a good deal of surprise expressed on Thursday when it was known that the Bank directors had decided not to raise the Bank rate, in spite of a decrease in the reserve of nearly a million and a half and a fall in the proportion of reserve to liabilities of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to $48\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. As it happens, by an odd coincidence, the total reserve is really higher than it was on the corresponding date last year, when the Fashoda incident caused considerable uneasiness. The return shows a decrease in the coin and bullion of £1,120,000, and since £776,000 in gold was taken for abroad there has been an increase in the home circulation of nearly £350,000. The market, in view of the political and monetary situation, was quite prepared for an increase in the rate to at least $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the reasons which weighed with the Directors in postponing a change which must now be made very soon caused some speculation. It was suggested, in fact, that the rate was not raised in order that such cash as the Government may require, and which will presumably have to be raised by means of Treasury Bills, may be obtained at a lower rate than would have been the case if the Bank-rate had been raised this week. With regard to the general position of the Money Market the outlook remains much the same, great uneasiness being felt with regard to the state of affairs in Berlin, and much uncertainty with regard to the position in New York. The prospect of war in the Transvaal has made the Americans afraid that if they do want gold they will be unable to obtain it from London, and this prospect has adversely affected the American markets during the week. Dearer money is no doubt postponed for a few days, but its advent must shortly be at hand.

The fall in the price of Home Railway securities would seem to be due much more to bear selling than to actual sales by genuine holders, since there is nothing in the railway position to justify the decline in values. Indeed the contrary is rather the case, for the dividend outlook for the second half of the present year, in view of the continuance of satisfactory traffic receipts, is certainly favourable rather than otherwise. No doubt bear operators are anticipating that the trouble in the Transvaal may cause sales in Home Rails and other solid securities in order to cover commitments in other departments, for it is well known that at times of crisis like the present and with dear money in prospect for some time to come large operators desire to have liquid cash balances of large amounts at their disposal in order that they may be able to take advantage of the fall in values in the more speculative descriptions. It is no longer a secret that those who make money in the stock markets are those who buy in bad and sell in good times and that the mistake made by the great mass of the public is in pursuing a directly opposite policy. At the present time we do not doubt that many of the more successful class of operators are busily engaged in picking up cheap stock. They do not go into the market and offer vociferously to buy, but stealthily absorb any cheap stock that comes their way. Indeed a good deal of it never appears in the market at all, but through the intermediary of obliging brokers quietly goes into their offices without anyone being the wiser. It may be, therefore, that the "bears" are anticipating a little this sale of high-class securities as a hedge to cover other commitments, and the fall in Home Railway stocks need not be taken as having any great significance.

The traffic receipts of the week have again been good, as, apart from the abnormal increase of £21,800 in the case of the Great Western, the North-Western shows an increase of £9,768, and three others, the Great Eastern, the Midland, and the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover, show receipts of more than £6,000 over those of the corresponding week last year. The aggregate receipts for the half-year to date tell the same satisfactory story, the North-Western being £110,000 better, the North-Eastern £70,000, the Great Central £65,000, the Great Eastern £62,000, the South-Eastern and Chatham £54,000, the Midland £51,000, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire £50,000, than on the corresponding date last year. These figures are quite sufficient to show that there is nothing intrinsically wrong with the Home Railway market, and, for those who prefer the safer kind of operation, in the case of any further fall many favourable opportunities for investment will offer themselves.

Probably of all the markets the department for American Rails at the present time offers one of the safest opportunities for making considerable profits, since in case of war it is the market which is most likely to emancipate itself speedily from adverse influences. The position of the United States, in spite of all considerations of dear money, is inherently sound, for the railway companies continue to advance in prosperity by leaps and bounds, and in consequence of the great improvements effected in the management of the different roads during the last few years a much larger proportion of the takings will be available for dividends than has hitherto been the case. There are as yet no signs whatever of any slackening in the great industrial and commercial activity of the United States, and as we have previously pointed out, the dear-money scares which periodically affect the Wall Street market are without a doubt deliberately caused by certain big financial interests in New York who do not as yet deem the moment fitting for that further rise in the value of American Railroad securities which they no doubt know to be inevitable. Prices are now considerably lower, and in view of the fact that companies like the Atchison and the Southern, whose Preference stocks stand at 64½ and 53½ respectively, will both in all probability this year earn 5 per cent. on the Preference, and that Norfolk Preference, which is now receiving its full 4 per cent., stands only at 71½, it is clear that taking these, as may justifiably be done, as samples there is room for a considerable boom as soon as political and monetary conditions wear a more satisfactory aspect. A striking illustration of the improvement which has been effected in American railway management during the last four or five years is provided by the report of the Wabash Railway Company just issued, from which it appears that the equipment of the road has been practically wholly renewed and that the cost of this renewal has been borne by the net revenue of the company. The result has been that the traffic can now be carried much more economically than before, and since the betterment outlay has practically ceased future profits will be available for the shareholders in two or three years' time. The Debenture stocks of the Wabash at present give a yield of nearly 5 per cent. and in view of the improved position of the company may be looked upon as sound investments.

As the fall in the value of South African gold mining shares has made further progress during the week we repeat below the table given last week comparing present prices with the highest touched this year for the guidance of those who are waiting to buy and who wish to select those shares which are likely to give them the biggest profit when affairs in South Africa once again resume their normal course. Whether the time has now arrived when it will be judicious to make purchases in the South African market is still a question which every investor must decide for himself. There is no doubt that in the end the value of South African gold shares will not only recover to the highest point touched this year, but will go considerably higher, and it may therefore be said with confidence that those who wish to buy for investment purposes and who can pay for and take up their shares

cannot very well make a mistake at the level of values now reached. It is, however, important to note that during the past week there has undoubtedly been a certain amount of actual selling of stock from Paris, a fact which indicates that French holders of South African shares, who have hitherto steadfastly refused to believe in the possibility of war, have now changed their belief. Since very large amounts of Transvaal gold shares are held in Paris and the mere abandonment of the hope that peace will be preserved by French holders has already led to a certain amount of selling from that quarter, it is possible that the actual beginning of war may lead to large quantities of stock coming upon the London market, and in this case the fall may be very severe. On the other hand it is anticipated in some quarters that the beginning of hostilities may be the signal for buying on a large scale in London, and this may counteract the effect of selling from Paris. There is no doubt that many English operators consider that war will be a bull point rather than otherwise, and that it will be more likely to cause a certain improvement in the value of Transvaal gold shares in the end than any peaceable settlement of our differences with the Transvaal could now do. One statement can, however, now be made with complete confidence. Transvaal shares are undoubtedly cheap at present prices. Those who buy them to put away will in the end certainly make large profits; those who wait in the hope that they will yet be much cheaper will no doubt make larger profits if their anticipations are realised, but at the same time they run the risk of not being able to secure the shares they want next week at the price at which they can be bought to-day.

THE FALL IN SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD SHARES.

Mine.	Highest this year.	Price 28 Sept.	Fall.
Angelo	8½	6	2½
Apex	8½	3½	4½
Aurora West	2½	1½	1
Bonanza	5½	4	1½
Champ d'Or	2½	1½	1
City and Suburban	6½	5	1½
Comet	3½	2½	1
Consolidated Goldfields	8½	5½	3
Consolidated Main Reef	2½	1½	1
Crown Deep	15½	9½	6
Crown Reef	20	14	6
De Beers	30½	24½	6
Driefontein	6½	4½	2
Durban Roodepoort	6½	5½	1
Durban Deep	4½	2½	2
East Rand	8½	5	3½
Ferreira	26	20	6
Ferreira Deep	7½	5½	2
Geldenhuis Estate	8½	5½	3
Geldenhuis Deep	12½	8½	4
Ginsberg	4	2½	1½
Glencairn	2½	1½	1
Glen Deep	5½	4	1½
New Goch	3	2	1
Henry Nourse	10	7	3
New Heriot	8	6½	1½
Jubilee	7½	5½	2
Jumpers	7½	4½	3
Jumpers Deep	6	3½	2½
Kleinfontein	3½	2½	1
Knights Central	3½	2	1½
Knights	7½	4½	3
Lancaster	4½	2½	2
Lancaster West	3½	2	1½
Langlaagte Estate	4½	3	1½
May Consolidated	6½	4	2½
Meyer and Charlton	6½	5½	1
Modderfontein	13½	8½	5
Nigel	3½	2½	1
Nourse Deep	7½	4½	3
Primrose	5½	3½	2
Princess	2½	1½	1
Randfontein	3½	2½	1
Rand Mines	45½	29½	16
Rand Victoria	3½	2½	1
Robinson	11½	8½	3

Mine.	Highest this year.	Price 28 Sept.	Fall.
Robinson Central ...	4½	3½	1½
Robinson Deep ...	14	8½	5½
Rodepoort United ...	5½	3½	2½
Rose Deep ...	11½	7½	3½
Salisbury ...	3½	2½	1½
Simmer East ...	4½	2½	1½
Simmer and Jack ...	6½	5½	1½
Simmer West ...	5½	3½	2½
South Geldenhuis Deep ...	3½	2½	1
South Rose Deep ...	3½	2½	1
Transvaal Gold ...	2½	1½	1½
Treasury ...	6½	4½	1½
Van Ryn ...	3½	2½	1½
Village Main Reef ...	10½	7½	2½
Wemmer ...	14½	12	2½
Witwatersrand Deep ...	3½	1½	1½
Wolhuter ...	6½	3½	2½
Worcester ...	3½	2½	1½

The crisis is at last beginning to tell on the mines of the Transvaal themselves, and those properties which have continued working under great difficulties during the present month are at last finding it necessary to shut down and to wait for less troublous times before they continue operations. War will necessarily cause a cessation in the production of gold on the Rand, and the output for September cannot fail to show a big falling off, in spite of the great efforts which have been made to continue working under unfavourable conditions. The output for August will probably, therefore, be the best that will be attained for some months to come, and the analysis we give below of the returns for that month, compared with the average yield per ton for the whole of last year, will therefore be valuable as indicating the relative position of the various mines.

AUGUST YIELD OF TRANSVAAL MINES.

Name.	Average yield 1898. dwts. per ton.	August 1899. dwts. per ton.
Ferreira ...	22'98	23'57
Robinson ...	23'54	21'34
Wemmer ...	18'05	18'37
Angelo ...	16'13	15'40
Henry Nourse ...	17'93	14'82
Crown Reef ...	14'39	14'31
Durban Deep ...	12'53	13'05
South Randfontein ...	15'00	12'80
Rodepoort United ...	11'10	12'61
Robinson Deep ...	18'19	12'54
May Consolidated ...	11'21	12'51
Geldenhuis Estate ...	13'13	11'98
Geldenhuis Deep ...	11'38	11'98
Glen Deep ...	12'82	11'94
Nourse Deep ...	12'39	11'80
Treasury ...	12'47	11'79
Driefontein ...	10'52	11'65
Jumpers Deep ...	11'82	11'18
Meyer and Charlton ...	9'79	10'93
Champ d'Or ...	12'85	10'43
Main Reef ...	11'40	10'13
Lancaster ...	10'95	10'04
Robinson Randfontein ...	10'63	10'02
Simmer and Jack ...	9'00	9'94
Modderfontein ...	11'90	9'80
Crown Deep ...	12'00	9'48
Princess ...	9'58	9'46
Porges Randfontein ...	10'12	9'40
Van Ryn ...	7'61	9'20
Paarl Central ...	8'16	9'18
Geldenhuis Main Reef ...	7'31	9'18
Kleinfontein ...	8'36	8'86
Comet ...	10'52	8'78
Wolhuter ...	10'21	8'59
Witwatersrand ...	8'27	8'19
Langlaagte Estate ...	9'47	8'03
Jubilee ...	9'87	7'72
Jumpers ...	9'96	7'53
York ...	9'85	7'52
Langlaagte Star ...	9'65	7'33
Block "B" ...	7'53	6'26

Westralians like everything else have suffered from the prevailing uneasiness, and some attempts have been

made to convince the public that the set back in values in this department was simply due to scare and not to any inherent weakness in the Westralian market. Our own opinion is, however, very different, for as we have frequently pointed out, Westralian values had previously been hoisted in a wholly unwarrantable fashion. It is only the necessary consequence of this unjustifiable inflation that when uneasiness prevails prices should move downwards, and those responsible for the inflation must not only have pretty well exhausted their resources by their former operations, but must have been the more hard hit by the recent slump and can scarcely be in a position to hoist the market again until the public has forgotten what it has lost and can once more be enticed into this, the most speculative of all the mining markets.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPORT BY PROXY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gartmore, Stirling, N.B., 26 September.

SIR,—A correspondent in your columns last week declared almost with an oath, that he is going to revive cockfighting. This is to be done apparently with a view to show that bull-fighting is "sport" and that a battue and "stagging" do not fall into the same noble category. But more than that, he is going to test the law himself in relation to cockfighting: clearly a man who has the courage of his opinions, and is not afraid to stand alone "Herbertus contra mundum."

But if your correspondent wishes to prove that a bull-fight is "sport," clearly it is incumbent upon him to show that it fulfils some of the conditions set forth in the second paragraph of his letter. His "horror of blood, has been forgotten in the charm of the gorgeous spectacle, in the marvels of the skilful performance, in the display of courage by bulls and bullfighters alike."

Let us first take the "gorgeous spectacle." In what does it consist? An arena filled with thousands of people in shabby modern dress. A procession of men in faded jack-pudding clothes, and darned white thread stockings. A sub-procession of thin lame and half-starved horses with their eyes bandaged with dirty rags, and urged on by men thrashing them from behind with sticks. Upon them, men encased in leg armour even more ridiculous in appearance than the quondam "men in armour" of the Lord Mayor's Show. Men who have moreover no idea of riding, and who, when their miserable horses trot hold in the most absurd way to both the pommel and the cantle of their high-peaked saddles, and often drop their lances in their endeavour to keep their seats. You may search Spain from Irun to Cadiz for a good rider, a rider such as you may see by the dozen in the midland and southern counties of England, or amongst the Moorish tribesmen of North Africa, or on the "Puzta" of Hungary. Of course to compare any Spaniard as a horseman, with an Australian, a Texan, a Mexican or a Gaucho, would be absurd. Only a few herdsmen about Salamanca and Jerez deserve the name of riders. But if the horsemen are inept and monstrously absurd—what of the horses! What skill do they display, when blindfolded, they are thrashed and pricked with knives on to the bull's horns? All they can do is to die an agonising death without the least chance of either escape or of defence, so that in their case there can be no question of any skill displayed. Nor would, I think, even your correspondent suggest that they experience any pleasurable excitement by their share of the performance.

The courage of the bull too I fail to see or that he displays any special skill. Having seen many bull-fights in my youth with bulls from the best "ganaderias" of all Spain I can assure your correspondent that in most cases the bull refuses to fight at all till he has had the "banderillas" stuck into him, and not unfrequently even then till crackers have been attached to burn his wounds. Much nonsense has been talked about the fierceness of Spanish bulls. I believe a young shorthorn would in ten minutes clear the arena

of the best "cuadrilla" Spain has ever seen. As for a lively young three-year-old from Queensland or the River Plate, no bull-fighter could face him for an instant, still less could he face a quick-legged light-footed heifer of the same age. As to the bull-fighters I have seen the best of them, the two "Frasuelos," Lagartijo, Boca-Negra, Mazzantini and Guerrita, and not once out of five have I seen them kill a bull without sticking the sword into his back and shoulders half a hundred times. I fear to lead your correspondent into deep waters, but I must ask him what danger is there in the "suerte" known as "el galleo"—what in the "veronica" and what in the much-vaunted "volapie"? All these suertes of course want practice, but are not half so difficult to learn as is a straight plant from the rings, or a front-away from the horizontal bar in a gymnasium. It is to be remembered that a bull closes his eyes in charging, and that the bull-fighter holds a cloak in his hand at which just before closing his eyes the bull directs his charges. The "Salteo de trascuerno" and the "Salteo de la garrocha" (leap with a pole) are amongst the most dangerous things the bull-fighter is called upon to do; yet for sheer dangers who would compare them to riding fast downhill, at a big drop out of ploughed land?

Looked at dispassionately a bull-fight is an unutterably dull and cockney spectacle, inept in all its bearings from the shabby mended clothes of the performers, to the bad riding of the picadores, and the miserable hunted or sulky look of the poor half-tame bull. That it makes Spaniards more cruel than Englishmen I cannot see, at least as long as Englishmen enjoy "stagging" and the battue which your correspondent has decried; but that it induces anything but the most unutterable boredom in the spectator, not brought up to consider it as Spaniards do a "national affair," I cannot see. As to the "main of cocks" by means of which your correspondent is to test the law, I can imagine if he himself fought to the death with some of his acquaintance about his weight, that that might be considered "hot-blooded sport;" but how the spectacle of two miserable birds fighting till one is dead could move anyone to aught but vomiting I cannot tell.

There does indeed remain the erotic side of the whole question of blood and sport, but I will not do your correspondent the offence of hinting that he requires so strong a stimulant.—Your obedient humble servant,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

"CAPITALISTIC CIVILISATION."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Fabian phraseology is not remarkable for its precision, and even Mr. Bernard Shaw, despite his command of a copious and picturesque vocabulary, occasionally betrays the Socialists' weakness for a "nice derangement of epitaphs." In his latest letter in your columns, on the "Rent Question," he asked, "After all, is capitalistic civilisation fit for anything but the rubbish heap?" Perhaps, if Mr. Bernard Shaw would explain what he means by "Capitalistic Civilisation," it might be possible to answer the question. Your correspondent "Anti-Fabian" talks about the "elimination of what Mr. Shaw calls 'capitalistic civilisation.'" But what are we to eliminate? and how is it to be done?

Presumably, it is present-day civilisation that is thus dubbed to differentiate it from some former type. But, after all, is there any civilisation known to mankind that is not, as regards its economic arrangements, "capitalistic," saving, of course, the Utopias of the dreamers? A kindred phrase to this of Mr. Bernard Shaw's occurs frequently in the Socialistic literature that is now as cheap as common fiction. Being a humble student of social questions, I would like to be enlightened as to the precise signification of both phrases. Mr. Bernard Shaw's is "Capitalistic Civilisation," and it sounds as lovely as "that blessed word 'Mesopotamia'" did to the old lady, when it came from the lips of her favourite preacher. The phrase which is akin to it, and has also I think been used by

Mr. Shaw himself in some of his Fabian essays, is "Modern Capitalism." It is as puzzling to a plain man to understand in what sense "capitalism" can be considered modern, as to conceive of any practicable civilisation which is not, in some form or other, "capitalistic." How far into the mists of antiquity must we penetrate before we come to a time when "capitalism" did not exist and find a civilisation that was not capitalistic?

"Capitalism," sir, is not modern. Going backwards: in the "Spacious days of Good Queen Bess" it was in full swing. Then the East India Company, the first English "Chartered Company," was founded, and many other capitalistic enterprises were set on foot. In mediæval England, civilisation, though feudal, was essentially capitalistic, and the crusades were "run" by the great capitalists of the day. Shakespeare, in the "Merchant of Venice," gives us a striking picture of Venetian capitalism. There we see the capitalist money-lender, and the merchant with his argosies, who traded upon loaned capital. Florentine, as well as Venetian civilisation, in the Middle Ages, was distinctively capitalistic. The great Florentine bankers, from whom our own Edward III. borrowed money for his French wars, virtually controlled the financial world for a century or more. Further back still, we find Roman civilisation decidedly capitalistic. "Capitalism," as pronounced as any of its modern forms, flourished in the time of Christ, and, incidentally, the Master gave his followers an economic lesson on the folly of starting to build a castle, or entering upon a campaign, on insufficient capital (Luke xiv. 28-30). Before the Christian era the Romans had their wealthy financiers. Dr. Gibbins, in his "History of Commerce in Europe," says "Roman merchants were great capitalists and bankers, inasmuch that Cicero asserts that 'not a single sestertius is in circulation in the province of Narbonenses (S. France) that is not entered in Roman account books.'" Contemporaneously with and prior to Rome, Carthage, and before Carthage, Phœnicia were "capitalistic civilisations." The Phœnicians even had a gold and silver currency which points to an advanced form of "capitalism." The Greeks had very enterprising capitalists, and many of them became founders of capitalistic colonies. Of Egyptian capitalism we have some graphic pictures drawn in the Books of Genesis and Exodus. Going yet further back, the old patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, were wealthy capitalists, even though their capital consisted mainly of flocks and herds. And that first great floating hotel and menagerie, a purely and aggressively individualistic concern, called Noah's Ark, could not have been built and stocked without a very substantial capital fund, out of which to pay the wages of the workmen, purchase the live stock, and provision the establishment for twelve months.

How Socialists can talk of "Capitalism," or "Capitalistic Civilisation," as a specially modern product, in face of this record, puzzles me much; nor can I imagine where, in either ancient or modern history, we must search for that pure and unsophisticated form of civilisation which is not capitalistic. The particular phase of capitalism which *is* modern, is joint stock enterprise—the association of many small capitals to form a large one. The humblest of our wage-earners may now become a capitalist: he can, with the few pounds he has saved out of his earnings, take shares in a limited liability company, and so enjoy the profits of capital, and likewise its risks and losses. But that is a democratic development of capitalism which ought to please the Fabians.

As for the great housing problem, which is hastily attributed to landlord capitalism, how would Socialism help us to solve it? The problem would present the same difficulties to a socialistic community as it does to our "Capitalistic Civilisation." That problem is this: given 500,000 people all wanting to live within an area where there is only space for 400,000, find house room for them therein! To get this quart of people into the pint of space would be quite as hard for a County Council which owned the land, as it is now the land is in private ownership. The only way by which the London County Council of the future, when Socialism has made it all-powerful, may find room for more people than now inhabit the Metropolitan area, will be to

repress sternly the fad for open spaces, and build over Victoria, Southwark and Battersea Parks, and all other London parks and recreation grounds, of course not sparing Hyde and St. James's Parks and other West End pleasures. Then, housing room may be provided for a few hundred thousand more of the applicants who are anxious to live within Metropolitan limits, but are now turned empty away. Stay, there is another suggestion that comes from socialistic sources, for at least relaxing the pressure of the problem in future. It is, to stop the increase of the country's inhabitants. Some think no special measures having this end in view will be necessary under Socialism, for when once the social revolution is fully accomplished, the natural result will be a speedy thinning down of the population. They may not be far wrong.—I am, &c. J. Q.

THE SIMON DE MONTFORT MEMORIAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 September, 1899.

SIR,—I have just seen in your issue of last Saturday, a statement to the effect that the proposed monument to Simon de Montfort is to be erected at Leicester. This is doubtless a misprint. The monument is to be erected on the spot where the great patriot was buried, namely at Evesham.—I am, yours faithfully,

G. NAPIER WHITTINGHAM,
Hon. Sec. to Simon de Montfort
Memorial Committee.

ENGLAND AND THE TRANSVAAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Societies Club, St. James's Street, S.W.

23 September, 1899.

SIR,—Are you not rather too hard on President Kruger and his Government? It is certainly difficult to put oneself exactly at their point of view. They see this great Empire bent, as they are convinced, on swallowing up their little Republic. They have some reason to think so, considering what the Outlanders' leaders have been more than hinting at for some time. If we English thought it likely that some great power or combination of powers was about to gulp us down, as a boa constrictor does a rabbit, we might find ourselves shuffling a little to get out of the creature's way. As to duplicity what can beat that of our fellow-citizens who when engaged in their raid, wired home that the wives and children of the Outlanders were in danger of their lives at the hands of the Boers?

It seems to me that President Kruger has with a wonderful self-control kept the question of compensation on this account in the background lately.

Yours faithfully, A. B. SAYCE.

"RURAL EDUCATION."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Badgemore House, Henley-on-Thames,

27 September, 1899.

SIR,—The article under the above heading, in last week's issue, is I am convinced the expression of the sentiments of most thinking men interested in the question of the future of the agricultural labourer.

The importance of that question, to us as a nation, is so vital and apparent that it should be unnecessary to enlarge on it. But as of old we country people are slow to move, else we should not so long have sat with folded hands while the young life of the countryside was educated to be unfitted to live in it!

I venture to think that the time for action has come—and that all countrymen having the true interest of the people and the nation at heart, should through the means of county meetings and similar methods of giving expression to their views—call public attention to this great and growing evil, and devise a means for its remedy.—Yours faithfully,

RICHARD OVEY.

REVIEWS.

THE LONDON COMMUNE.

"The Commune of London and other Studies." By J. H. Round. London: Constable. 1899. 12s. net.

SLOWLY, one by one, the questions which agitated the London historians of forty years ago are having appropriate answers fitted to them. Mr. Round has always been among the foremost of a little band of investigators and has always hastened, as soon as even the smallest grain of useful knowledge has been discovered, to proclaim the happy results of his labours. Unfortunately, his work has not always received its full meed of praise. He has thought fit too often to make the slight differences which have been found between his views and those of his fellow-labourers occasion of controversy so keen as to cause pain especially to those who most highly appreciated his industry. The amount of sheer hard toil involved in each step gained against the tide of false history, amid the thick mists of mediæval obscurity, can only be measured by those who have essayed the task. It behoves the few who succeed to help, not to hinder those who have been less fortunate. In the present volume Mr. Round betrays a measurable decline of his wonted asperity. We can still wish he had omitted some short passages; we can still wish he quoted fewer of the third and fourth class "authorities" whose books we can assure him are of no assistance to the student. He fails even to recognise the high level on which he stands himself. Norton and Coote are extinct volcanoes and one or two of the living writers whom Mr. Round adduces are little better, though he would have us accept them against Freeman and Green and Luard and half a dozen living writers who are quite able to take care of themselves. Where Mr. Round sees serious errors, sometimes amounting almost to the dignity of falsehoods in those with whom he differs, the ordinary historical student finds only questions well worthy of examination and argument. Mr. Round makes mountains of molehills and swears to defend each crumbling elevation with his last breath, though no one thinks of attacking it, if indeed it is always perceptible to the naked eye. We have no intention of gratifying Mr. Round's combative propensities. He has as Sir Walter Besant testifies in a brief "prefatory letter" formed and clearly stated a "working theory of the very difficult questions connected with the creation of the municipality" of London. A working theory is always useful though it is not always a complete solution. Sir Walter has evidently confined his attention to what Mr. Round has to say about our great city, but many other matters are discussed and some of them are of even greater importance. To all Mr. Round brings his natural powers of insight coupled with the experience acquired in many years of controversial research and when he can restrain himself from personalities directed against those who are working in the same field with himself, his remarks are well worthy of close attention.

The title-rôle, so to say, of the present volume is taken by the eleventh essay of the fifteen which are comprised in it. "Before I explain my discoveries on the 'Commune' granted to London," says Mr. Round, "it may be desirable to show how great a discrepancy of opinion has hitherto prevailed" on this subject. The authorities he adduces are of a very varied character but as few of them are of much weight and as Sir Walter Besant has expressed his satisfaction with Mr. Round's "discovery" we may proceed, merely remarking that the reader will find it in full on page 235, and that it consists of a passage in one of the Additional Manuscripts (14,252) in which there is a copy of the oath of the Commune in the time of Richard I. "Of the nature of the Commune we know nothing," says Mr. Round, leaving us thus very much where we were before. "London under Stephen" forms the fifth essay and is written to prove that justiciars ruled occasionally, if not always, before there were mayors in London; and that various authors have stumbled over Stow's account of the Knightengild. Mr. Round holds that the "English

Cnihtengild was not the governing body," and he thinks he has proved that the members did not "embrace a religious life by entering Holy Trinity Priory." That this, or any other subject on which Mr. Round touches, should still remain an open question, is a view which neither here nor in other places ever occurs to him. The first essay "is a plea for the more scientific study of the great field for exploration presented by our English place names," a plea which all archaeologists will warmly support. The value of charters for the Norman period is next illustrated and we come to the fourth paper which is on the origin of the Exchequer, and includes a critical examination of the well-known, little understood "Dialogus." This appears to be one of the most useful of Mr. Round's chapters and traces back the office of the chamberlain of the Exchequer "as a feudal serjeanty to the days of the Conqueror." It establishes, probably for the first time, a connexion between the office and the tenure of Porchester Castle. The Irish studies which follow are also interesting and throw some new light on the claim of Henry II. and its alleged support by a papal bull. Mr. Round shows the true character of the golden age which the English invasion destroyed and argues from Mr. Dillon's account of the Soudan before Lord Kitchener, that "a vast human shambles" may be for some an ideal condition for a country. The volume concludes with three or four very learned articles on such subjects as "Castle Ward and Cornage," on "Bannockburn" and on the "Great Inquest of Service." All have the same merits of originality of view and unwearied research but they have also the same faults of recklessness in attack coupled with a carelessness in statement which too often deserves a stronger adjective. It is exceeding the limits of honest criticism to say that the late Mr. Green accepted 60,000 as the number of knights' fees in England. Mr. Round must know, or, at least, ought to have ascertained before he wrote the sentence, that Green subsequently recognised the doubtfulness of the estimate and substituted the words "an overwhelming force." We might similarly question the statement as to Mr. Archer on page 309, as to Miss Norgate on page 113, as to Mr. Archer again on page 50, and as to other living writers in various places. If these are all summed up they leave an impression which even Mr. Round's most ardent admirer must share, namely that he is either very unfortunate or sometimes very untrustworthy. There is an old proverb which, however, applies, as Lord Dundreary reminds us, to a very limited part of the population, but Mr. Round constantly seems to think all his glass houses are vitrified forts.

IRISH LITERARY IDEALS.

"Literary Ideals in Ireland." London: Unwin. 1899. 1s.

THIS book represents a type which is very uncommon. It is a discussion carried on by Irishmen with uniform courtesy and reasonableness and with much command of language and subtlety of thought. No question of religion or politics is introduced, and there is no "racial animus," a bogey which has recently begun to "appear" in literature, and which promises, if not promptly exorcised, soon to become as terrible a ghost as *Odium Theologicum*. Surely in the "bright lexicon" of criticism there should be no such word as animus, while no lexicon of any kind ought to admit such a vilely ill-formed word as racial. Yet it has made its appearance, and we prophesy that it will haunt the columns of the daily and weekly press, which seem to have now abandoned "the bolt from the blue," "the courage of his opinions" and "proven up to the hilt."

The question between Mr. Eglinton and Mr. Yeats, in which "A. E." intervenes as a kind of arbiter, is, what is the true relation between art and life? Mr. Yeats holds that "art is to be liberated from life" Mr. Eglinton thinks its chief function is "the criticism of life." But life may be ideal life, description may be aspiration, and earthly things may be symbols of things divine. Then art's criticism of life will be a service that is perfect freedom. It will criticise life, and yet it will be liberated from life. Milton's "Samson Agon-

istes" is full of criticism of contemporary life, and yet its theme is as remote as it could be from the Miltonic age. Ferguson's "Couglin" on the other hand is completely divorced from the century in which it was written. Thus when Mr. Eglinton says that the ancient legends of Ireland "obstinately refused to be taken out of their old environment," we are disposed to say that a Shakespeare or a Milton would have overcome their obstinacy, and made them as good vehicles of modern sympathies as the history of the Jews or the Romans; and we doubt whether under the hands of Ferguson any character whether legendary or contemporary would have been invested with the power of criticising life possessed by the "Antigone" of Sophocles or the "Mark Antony" of Shakespeare. The works of great artists are full of the criticisms of contemporary life; the inferior artists seldom have anything to say about life; the most they can accomplish is to make their personæ express the character assigned to them. The French school of poetry represents the extreme recoil from real life, from "externality" as Mr. Yeats calls it. Paul Verlaine "hated to hear the laugh of a healthy man." Mr. Yeats has sympathies with this school; but we learn, if we understand him aright, that the recoil from externality will lead us back to the most perfect way of dealing with the external world—if at least the "Odyssey" is, as will be allowed, well-nigh perfection. He looks forward (the words quoted by him are from Millarmé translated by Symonds) to "an ever more arduous search for an almost disembodied ecstasy" and thinks that: "We will learn again how to describe at great length an old man wandering among enchanted islands, his return home at last, his slow gathering vengeance, a flitting shape of a goddess and a flight of arrows, and yet to make these so different things 'take light by mutual reflection like an actual trail of fire over precious stones,' and become 'an entire word,' the signature or symbol of a mood of the divine imagination as imponderable as 'the horror of the forest or the silent thunder in the leaves.'"

GOVERNOR PHILLIP.

"Admiral Phillip: the Founding of New South Wales." By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. "Builders of Greater Britain" Series. London: Unwin. 1899. 5s.

GOVERNOR PHILLIP'S name has suffered the partial eclipse which is the portion too often allotted by history to those who accomplish great work unostentatiously. This is the first biography of any pretensions that has been written of him. Beyond the circumstance that he took charge of the expedition to found a convict settlement in Australia and was the first Australian Governor, who knows anything of his career? Until two years ago even his burial-place was searched for in vain. In 1897, practically on the eve of the attainment of nationhood by the Australian Colonies, his tomb was discovered in the old parish church of St. Nicholas at Bathampton near Bath. It is a little hard on Mr. James Bonwick, whose indefatigable inquiries are unacknowledged, that the event should be proclaimed as an "accidental discovery" by the Vicar of Bathampton. Not the Vicar but the Churchwarden found the tablet in Bathampton Church in response to Mr. Bonwick's representations. Almost as hopeless until recently seemed every effort to ascertain what Phillip's career was up to the time he received his Australian commission. We owe it to the patient persistence of Mr. H. F. Wilson, the editor of the "Builders of Greater Britain" series, that some record is now possible of Phillip's service not only in the British Navy but also under the Portuguese flag. The record does not prove to be of much importance, though it sheds a certain sidelight on Phillip's energy of character and whole-hearted patriotism. He fought for Portugal whilst his country was at peace, but he left the Portuguese service immediately there was prospect of active employment under the Union Jack. But he seems to have had little opportunity of distinguishing himself. He was nearly fifty when he was called upon to take charge of the expedition to Australia. His "life" is mainly concerned with the six years during which he founded

New South Wales. Glad though we are to have this memorial of one whose title to a niche in Britain's Temple of Fame is undoubted, we are a little disappointed with its quality. Mr. Louis Becke's forte is the short story; as historian he is rather out of his depth. There are ample materials in the volume for a sketch of considerable literary charm, but they seem to have been put together hurriedly. There is an irritating tendency to repetition and occasionally to contradiction in detail. A little editorial pruning would have left the critic nothing to concern himself with but Phillip's work and character.

The selection of Arthur Phillip for the post of Australia's pioneer Governor was peculiarly fortunate. Credit for it rests with Lord Sydney, the Home Secretary. Lord Howe, the First Lord of the Admiralty, frankly expressed his doubts as to whether the choice was wise. But Sydney possibly anticipated Palmerston's conviction that if "a man with a good head, a good heart, lots of pluck and plenty of common sense" is wanted for service in a distant part of the world, a captain in the navy should be sent for. Phillip proved himself born to command, quick to seize the essentials of a position, resourceful, patient, tactful, brave. Never surely was a man called upon to lay the foundations of a State with more unpromising material, under more depressing conditions. Foresight was the one thing necessary on the part of all concerned in the despatch of such an expedition. Phillip was in charge of the very pick of the gaol birds of the Mother-country, wretches some of them who could hardly be considered safe company even in irons. A handful of marines under Major Ross accompanied the expedition. The fleet was well on its way when it was discovered that the marines had practically no ammunition. Had the omission come to the knowledge of the convicts the settlement of Australia would probably have been postponed awhile. Provisions sufficient to last for a year were carried by the fleet. During that period it was expected that agricultural operations would be successfully inaugurated and the colony be placed in a position to feed itself. Looking dispassionately at the circumstances it must occur to after-the-event wiseacres that the sane thing to have done would have been to send out a year or so in advance of the convicts a batch of farmers to prepare the way. Phillip's first crops were failures, and the colony nearly came to an end through starvation. The Governor's skill and spirit as an administrator under semi-famine conditions were admirable. His heart must often have sunk as he watched the rations decreasing and counted up the hours during which they could be eked out in ever lessening quantities. To make matters worse fresh ships arrived with more convicts and no fresh supply of food. A store ship which would have relieved all the misery foundered soon after leaving the Cape of Good Hope. It was at least something that officialdom 12,000 miles away had not quite forgotten Phillip and his settlement. Had the colonists been cast in heroic mould, anxiety must still have been keen, but with a thousand desperate men growing more desperate for want of proper food, Phillip's position demanded a nerve of iron. Happily ere hope was quite abandoned provisions reached the colony.

Phillip's task would have been hard even though he commanded the utmost loyalty of every man who went out with him from Major Ross down to the very "lags" themselves. He demurred at the outset to laying "the foundations of an empire"—a phrase which makes amply clear his consciousness of the possibilities of Australia—with convicts. Yet convicts were practically the only settlers for some years, and he found it often an easier task to impart a semblance of civilisation to the aborigines themselves than to the majority of his colonists. His difficulties were seriously augmented by the pettymindedness of men like Ross, who obstructed whatever Phillip considered to be for the public weal. Not unnaturally some of Ross's assistants were quick to imitate his example. Ross cordially hated a post for which he was by temper and training unfitted, and came to the conclusion that a vast blunder had been made by His Majesty's advisers in ever imagining that Australia could

be profitably settled. In his pessimism he did not stand alone. Others, notably Lieutenant Tench and Surgeon White, who were not incapable of forming intelligent views on the prospect, sent home accounts almost as gloomy as Ross's own. Except for a fine harbour, Ross declared Australia to be totally destitute of everything necessary to a commercial nation. "I am convinced that if it is ever able to maintain the people here, it cannot be in less time than a hundred years hence. I therefore think it will be cheaper to feed the convicts on turtle and venison at the London Tavern than be at the expense of sending them here." Surgeon White recommended the relinquishment of "a scheme that in the nature of things can never answer." Tench described the country as "beyond all dispute very wretched" and "totally incapable of yielding to Great Britain any return for colonising it." "A hundred years hence" Australia had a population of three and a half millions, and was exporting vast quantities of food to the Mother-country itself. Australia's gold production in the last half-century has amounted to considerably more than £400,000,000, but Tench found no evidence of mineral resources. In the teeth of so much discouragement, Phillip succeeded in putting the colony on its feet. His departure was the occasion of real regret and unfortunately signalled the undoing of a large part of his good work. Lieutenant-Governor Grose, during the period which elapsed before Governor Hunter arrived, abolished many of Phillip's most salutary rules and regulations. The chaos which Hunter found affords the best evidence that Captain John Faithful Fortescue was right when he said in his quaint way: "Upon my soul I do think God Almighty made Phillip on purpose for the place, for never did man know better what to do or with more determination to see it done; and yet if they'll let him he will make them all very happy."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND THE BIBLE.

"Light from the East, or the Witness of the Monuments." By the Rev. C. J. Ball. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1899. 15s.

"Recent Archaeology and the Bible." By the Rev. Thomas Nicol. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1899. 9s. net.

"The Land of Goshen and the Exodus." By Major R. H. Brown. London: Edward Stanford. 1899. 5s.

WE are gradually arriving at some agreement as to the right application of archaeology to the Bible. The relation between the two has been a good deal obscured by controversy and prejudice. Archaeology has been hailed as an unexpected apology, providentially unearthed to vindicate the literal accuracy of the Bible; while in some quarters each fresh discovery is still regarded as a death-blow to the critics. To imagine, however, that the results of sound criticism have been overthrown by archaeology on any issue of importance is altogether an illusion. Archaeological evidence has a province of its own distinct from the province of literary criticism; the two supplement and illustrate one another; it is in combination, not in rivalry, that they produce a true picture of the past. A history which is based upon archaeological materials only is barren and lifeless compared with a history which is based upon literary documents; a history which is based upon both is full of human interest and reality. The "witness of the monuments," properly applied, is neither apologetic nor anti-critical.

Perhaps the most important service which archaeology has rendered to the Bible has been to remove the isolation which once seemed to belong to the biblical history, institutions, and ideas, and to place these in their true setting. We have been made acquainted with the powerful influence of neighbouring civilisations, especially of Babylonia; we find that Israel shared with the rest of the Semitic world a large stock of common traditions and beliefs, of social and religious customs. Former conceptions of ancient chronology have been completely disestablished by the discovery of a civilisation in Babylonia as far off from the days of Abraham as our own; and instead of a few

chapters of Genesis, we have abundant and contemporary material for the early ages of human history. It is when we come to apply the monuments directly to the biblical narratives that we need to keep before us the real nature of archaeological evidence. We must clearly distinguish between evidence which corroborates, and that which merely illustrates, the words of Scripture. There is far less of direct confirmation than popular treatises lead us to suppose. For example, the antiquities of Egypt abundantly illustrate the narratives of Joseph and the Exodus; but this does not prove their historical accuracy or their contemporary authorship. There is nothing in the monuments, as at present known, to indicate that Israel ever was in Egypt; the name of Israel, with one barely intelligible exception, is not found until Shishak records his expedition against Rehoboam. And while the archaeological evidence, by itself, does not prove that the Egyptian narratives in Genesis and Exodus are authentic history, the literary evidence is in favour of an authorship long subsequent to the events described; and this is perfectly consistent with the correctness of the local colouring, for the manners and customs of Egypt continued practically unchanged for centuries. Thus archaeology can supply invaluable illustrations, but it is contemporary authority and intrinsic probability which give to a narrative the stamp of trustworthy history; where such are not to be had, the most that can be said is that the narrative in question is founded upon a tradition for which there must have been some historical ground.

For the period from Ahab to the Captivity we have instances of archaeological evidence of another kind, not merely illustrative but confirmatory. On both sides there are contemporary documents, in the Book of Kings and in the almost unbroken series of cuneiform inscriptions from Shalmaneser II. to Cyrus. The biblical writings both of historians and prophets receive abundant corroboration; they are illuminated and explained; errors are corrected and gaps filled up. Unless the twofold nature of archaeological evidence indicated above is clearly understood, confusion of thought and misleading applications are sure to follow.

Mr. Ball's book is the work of an acknowledged authority, and gives, in popular form, a collection of archaeological material, sumptuously printed and illustrated, and arranged in a somewhat bewildering fashion. The book is not written with any apologetic purpose; the facts are left to speak for themselves. It would have been better if he had told us distinctly what are facts and what are opinions. For example, that Nimrod is the same as Gilgamesh, the Babylonian Herakles, and that Sumer is only another form of the biblical Shinar, is a matter of opinion not of fact; neither Nimrod nor Shinar has been actually found on the monuments. In a discussion on the Hebrew alphabet, Mr. Ball takes us to the archaic Babylonian (Sumerian) picture-writing for the origin of the signs, instead of to the Egyptian hieratic. This view is gaining acceptance amongst scholars.

Dr. Nicol has failed to grasp the true principles upon which archaeology can be brought to bear upon the Bible, and he seems to have no real knowledge of the work of the critics whom he seeks to confound. The criticism of the Pentateuch is not based upon the assumption that Moses could not write, but upon an exact analysis of the documents. Dr. Nicol's biblical scholarship is strangely out of date. No one who knows the difference, easily distinguishable, between the work of the late editor and the early narratives which he incorporates, could say that the period of the Judges was one of "religious declension and social disintegration." It is true that archaeology has shed an extraordinary light upon the times of Abraham, but this is no proof that the biblical account of Abraham is literal history in every respect. That the materials employed in connexion with the tabernacle, the gold and precious stones, "were abundant in an age long anterior to that of Moses," does not prove the Mosaic authorship of the narrative which describes the structure of the tabernacle. The fact is that Dr. Nicol imagines that an illustration from the monuments is tantamount to a certificate of historical accuracy and contemporary date, a fallacy which destroys the value of much that is

otherwise interesting in his book. We notice that while he is at great pains to prove that the monuments show the Bible to be right, he omits to mention the instances where they show the Bible to be wrong.

Major Brown's book is an amateurish piece of work. It is chiefly a popularisation of M. Naville's discoveries and theories relating to the land of Goshen and the Exodus. M. Naville has established some important points, such as the sites of Pithom and Pi-sopt and the general whereabouts of Goshen. But it is doubtful, as Professor Sayce says, whether the Goshen we know of could have supported the numbers of the Israelites as stated in the Pentateuch; and though the Exodus may well have taken place somewhere between Ismailiyeh and Suez, it seems hopeless with our present knowledge to determine all the stages of the march. Major Brown supposes that at the time of the Exodus the Red Sea included the Bitter Lakes and extended N. and W. of them. But if, as is generally believed, the Bitter Lakes are the "Lake of Kemur" mentioned, for instance, in an inscription of Useratesen I., centuries before the Exodus, this supposition falls to the ground. Major Brown is anxious to put fresh life into the monotonously familiar narratives of Israel in Egypt; but it cannot be said that his undignified witticisms add any liveliness to his version of the story. We are inclined to agree with him that now that the royal mummies in the Ghizeh Museum have been gazed upon by every tourist and photographed in every position, it would be only respectful to the memory of these mighty Pharaohs to give them decent burial.

VERSICLES.

- "Echoes of Solitude." By Perdita. Cardiff: Western Mail. 1899.
 "Persephone in Hades and other poems." By Tinsley Pratt. London: Kegan Paul. 1899. 3s. 6d. net.
 "From Dreamland Sent." By Lilian Whiting. London: Sampson Low. 1899.
 "Idyls of Killowen. A Soggarth's Secular Verses." By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. London: Bowden. 1899. 3s. 6d.
 "Weeds and Flowers." By William Luther Longstaff. London: Greening. 1899. 2s. 6d.

BUT for the absurdity of the accompanying illustrations, "Echoes of Solitude" might have been passed over as harmless, commonplace doggerel. Such novel subjects as "The Seasons," "The Sea," "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," and "A redbreast to my window comes" are treated with engaging ingenuousness. That the rhymes are rather lazy than rich may be gauged by the following convincing excerpt:

"The flowers, the flowers of yesterday, alive but yesterday,
 Are buried quite in coldest white, the flowers of yesterday;
 And darkness falls through gloomy halls love-lit but yesterday,
 No sunshine falls in gloomy halls love-lit but yesterday,
 Sky is clouded, earth is shrouded, sunshine to gloom gives way."

That "Perdita" should give way to a strain of pessimism is not surprising after her sufferings at the hands of her illustrators. The redbreast is very like a crow and we have to take his "wide-ope'd pleading eye" on trust; the young woman who

"dreamed

That all things were as all things seemed"

and accordingly died "amongst the flowers," has the appearance of a marine monster; and the stout damsel, who sighs alone and dies, seems to be suffering from colic.

Hades is apparently popular among the minor poets just now. Mr. Pratt has evidently read and assimilated a great deal of poetry; he possesses a rudimentary idea of versification; now and again he affords us some pleasing passages of no particular originality. So far he gives no promise of ever becoming a great

poet, for he is unable to convey more meaning than his words actually express, whereas the merit of a great poet, as of any great artist, lies mainly in the inspiration of ulterior suggestions. The best hope for Mr. Pratt lies in his evident modesty and willingness to learn.

"Should you find"

(he tells us in his Prologue,)

"But some faint echo of the Gods of song,"
you may believe that

"ere the dusk
Of years, pent in the prison-house of Time,
Fulfil their doom,
My lips, perchance, shall sing a sweeter song,
My heart inspire a nobler page than this."

If by "the Gods of song" he means the various poets, whom he regards as his masters and models, we are inclined to believe that his aspirations will be more hopeful when he comes to place greater reliance upon his own inspirations.

A similar criticism might be addressed to Lilian Whiting, but she has chosen far humbler models and will take longer to shake them off. Some of her sentimental effusions may give mild pleasure to simple minds, if there are any left in America, but from time to time she is frankly ridiculous, as when she tells us:

"I never dreamed I should become
An Anglomaniac;
My thoughts on England's peerage great
Be stretched as on a rack;"

But when Lady Henry Somerset visited America,

"This 'daughter of an hundred earls,'
To whom no power or place
Can prestige add—she lends to these
That else might somewhat lack—
For her sweet sake I've come to be
An Anglomaniac."

A "Soggarth," we learn in Father Russell's preface, is Irish for a priest, and we wish we could take his hint and offer his poems "*cead mille failte*," for they evidently mean very well indeed. But, alas, they are desperately dull; they groan under unnecessary detail; they are weighed down by pedantic footnotes; and many of the lines halt quite piteously. The author does not possess the light touch which we had the right to expect from an Irishman and a Russell. Even when he attempts nonsense-verses after the manner of Edward Lear, he never succeeds in arousing a smile. To quote from his "prose idyl" about the lark, Father Russell has "no triumphant burst, no riotous gurgle, no pathetic murmur, no agonising spasm, no subtle gradation, no mellow fall from treble down to bass, no splendid leap from bass up to treble. On and on, a few artless, unvarying notes." But, unlike the lark, he is exceedingly tiresome in his monotony. The only thing we can find in him to commend is his unvarying good-nature, which has gone far to mitigate our criticism.

It would probably be difficult to find a greater contrast to this quiet tea-party versification than that afforded by Mr. Longstaff's feverish, morbid "*Weeds and Flowers*." He impresses his personality strongly upon us and we are not sure whether we quite like it. We cannot always take him seriously, but even when he is most extravagant he is always interesting. We will content ourselves with one or two characteristic extracts:

"O women, and men who embrace you,
God yields you to-night to his hands;
To drag you apart and erase you,
Trodden in grinding sands."

And again:

"Who knows an unclouded delight?
I do—for I watch him—dead;
His fair throat fouled, his full lips white;
His fixed eyes grey in the dawning light.
'The handle gleams?' Yes, gems are bright
The blade I hide is red!"

Mr. Longstaff has the gift of expression, but he must try to give us more flowers and fewer weeds.

THE CULT OF OTHIN.

"The Cult of Othin, an Essay in the Ancient Religion of the North." By H. M. Chadwick. London: Clay. 1899. 2s. 6d.

MR. CHADWICK has put together in a short and convenient form all that is known at present about the famous Scandinavian god Odin,—or, as he prefers to write the name, Othin. All the facts that have been brought forward by the advocates of conflicting theories in regard to the god are marshalled clearly but succinctly, though Mr. Chadwick does not hesitate to tell us to which side he himself leans. One fact seems to have been made out with certainty,—Odin was not originally a Scandinavian deity, but was imported into the north from Germany. When Tacitus wrote his well-known account of the Germanic tribes, the latter were already worshippers of "Mercurius" as the Latin writer calls Odin, while the Suiones or Swedes were not yet acquainted with the god and his cult. The introduction of Odin into Scandinavia probably falls somewhere between the first and the sixth century of our era. The cult was a ruthless and cruel one, involving human sacrifice. Sometimes single individuals only were put to death, at other times the whole body of prisoners taken in war was devoted to the god. A custom similar to that of the Indian suttee, which obliged the widow to be strangled by the side of her dead husband, appears also to have been connected with the cult. The human victim was ordinarily hanged on a tree, but there are traces of his having been occasionally killed by being pierced with javelins, and the custom of marking a dying hero with a javelin was probably regarded as a means of dedicating him to the god. Odin was certainly a god of death and the lower world, and Mr. Chadwick may be right in thinking that the practice of cremation was bound up with his worship. The most plausible derivation of his name is that which connects it with the Latin *vates* or "bard." Objections more or less serious lie against all the other etymologies of it that have been proposed.

FICTION.

"The Shadow of the Bear." By Headon Hill. London: Pearson. 1899. 3s. 6d.

"Shockers," appealing to the universal detective instinct, must not be judged from the high literary standpoint, and we may pass over many errors against grammar and style. We cannot refuse a tribute to the ingenuity of Mr. Hill's situations, but his ignorance has led him into many improbabilities. The book describes a struggle between English and Russians in China over a concession and contrives to keep us interested, though it never tempts us to believe, but the characters remain those of a melodrama rather than those of real life. The Russian Ambassador's daughter "hisses" her remarks whenever she is agitated and she betrays her jealousy too easily for an expert conspirator; the male villain is in too great a hurry to burn his boats; even the minor personages find it quite easy to pass themselves off as Chinese without preliminary practice; and the idea of murder by an American missionary does not strike a British attaché as seriously surprising. The author's worst fault, perhaps, is his unnecessary vindictiveness against his Russian characters. His story creates sufficient prejudice without the need of reinforcement by such phrases as "the lair of this unclean beast" in allusion to the villain's office at Peking. And many incidents—that, for instance, of the Dowager Empress's false teeth—destroy every remnant of plausibility by their trivial absurdity. While on the subject of teeth, we are curious to know the meaning of "snaggled" in connexion with them. If we criticise Mr. Hill so seriously, it is because we believe that he has in him the makings of a stirring romance, and we shall welcome his next effort if only he will be content to describe scenes and characters that he is acquainted with at first hand.

"For a God Dishonoured." By the Author of * * * * *. London: John Long. 6s.

"The author of * * * * *" is an unconscious humourist of a rare order. But for its obvious naïveté the

book before us would pass as an elaborate satire on the Woman's Rights question. Clothilde Vereker was a gorgeously handsome young person, with an unpleasant habit of breaking into "noiseless, deadly mirth" on occasions. Her marriage with an unfortunate youth gives her many opportunities for very deadly mirth indeed. The youth is a Peer, and his engaging wife thinks nothing of mesmerising him and leaving him at home, while she attires herself in what she invariably speaks of as "bifurcated garments" and takes his seat in the House of Lords. Once there, she makes a reputation for him in a single day with the inevitable epoch-making maiden speech of fiction. On page 337, "she threw open her mantle, her skirt was disclosed, and the Lord Chancellor . . . started aghast"—in which we copied him. As the lady conveniently died next day, the House forbore to break forth into "the soulless, meaningless laugh which usually is the chief thing heard when justice to any oppressed section is publicly demanded." We fear that it will be the chief thing heard from all sane readers of "the author of * * * * *."

"In Monte Carlo." Translated by S. C. de Soissons from the original Polish of Henryk Sienkiewicz. London: Greening. 1899. 2s. 6d.

No one figure in this episodic sketch is more than an outline and the gambling fever so luridly typified on the cover is conspicuous by its absence from the contents of the booklet. Anything from the pen of the author of "Quo Vadis" however will excite attention and must possess some points of more than common interest. The interest of "In Monte Carlo" centres in the study of a species of Rat-wife. Mrs. Elzen is a widow in whom the moral instinct is swamped by egoism. "Under a French corset and the French accent" there is "the primitive nature of a true Zulu woman." Against her is set by way of contrast a mere girl whom poverty has not served to drive to sin even in Nice. Between the two rests the fate of a rich artist named Svirski. Svirski for all his acumen becomes involved in the toils of the vain widow but when we leave him he is asking the virtuous girl to marry him. Sienkiewicz is dealing with the abnormal and his topics are not too pleasant, though relief is frequently afforded by flashes of illuminative thought on higher themes than passion. The translation seems crude and the publishers by aggressively inserting advertisements between the translator's introduction and the sketch itself do not improve the appearance of the little volume.

"A Son of the Sea." By John Arthur Barry. London: Duckworth. 1899.

The adventurous British boy who loves a tale of the sea, and who has a smattering of knowledge as to its ways to help him in the understanding of Mr. Barry's technicalities, ought to follow the adventures of Torre Leigh with avidity. Winning his way into favour at the outset by punching the nose of a bullying step-brother, who teases the cat and does not fight fair, he is sent to sea. From that day a series of dangers and difficulties besets him at the rate of at least one per chapter, and out of each ordeal he emerges with conspicuous success and enhanced reputation. In vessels of every rig, with comrades of every nationality, on shore as well as afloat, Torre is ever first and foremost, and his meeting with a young lady steering a derelict barque on the high seas, the scoring off the captain of the "Andromeda" by Torre's companion, and an episode where albatrosses attack the eyes of a drowning seaman, are only samples of a bulky cargo of adventures most of them well calculated to commend themselves to the young. Judged by any higher standard "A Son of the Sea" is not a work of conspicuous literary merit, but then it can hardly be intended to be judged by such a standard.

"Tom Benton's Luck," by Herbert Elliott Hamblen (Macmillan. 6s.), is a good rollicking tale of the sea which boys ought to enjoy. Tom's "luck" is a little phenomenal, but it gives the author a chance to bring in shipwrecks and aborigines galore, and to end with the finding of a wreck full of solid bars of gold. The book is not altogether written in English. "She took a great shine to Tom" on page 137 is a specimen of the

decidedly easy style affected by Mr. Hamblen as well as his characters.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Tragedy of Dreyfus." By G. W. Steevens. London and New York: Harper. 1899. 5s.

Now-a-days, after any big event, a war, a famine, a sensational trial, there comes a mad race to secure priority of publication for a book on the subject. Publishers and authors emulate the enterprise of newspaper conductors with their stop-press telegrams and extra specials. Bookmaking under such conditions enters into rivalry with the periodicals which serve the purpose of the moment and pass into oblivion. The circumstance that Mr. Steevens was at Rennes during the Dreyfus proceedings prepared us for the speedy appearance of his new book. It records mainly the impressions of the author at Rennes. Its word-painting is characteristically vigorous; the principal actors are brought vividly to the reader's mind; the history of the case is briefly reviewed and if the world had not already had a surfeit of "l'affaire," the interest of the book would be considerable. Mr. Steevens is severe on the corruption which has been so thoroughly exposed in the French political and military life. He attributes it all to the influence of Paris. Again and again, he says, France has been saved by the provinces. But soon he anticipates that Paris will have absorbed all their recuperative energies, and then France will no longer be a great Power. France at any rate has little to thank the Republic for.

"Choses in Action." By Walter R. Warren. London: Sweet and Maxwell. 1899. 16s.

It is somewhat remarkable that there should be no text-book published in England upon the subject above named except this book by Mr. Warren. The very title is mysterious to laymen and lawyers know that beneath it are mysteries which it entereth not into the mind of laymen to conceive. With these Mr. Warren deals so thoroughly and scientifically that the lawyer is provided with what is very rare, a good law-book. These matters do not interest the non-professional reader but in fact there is hardly any legal subject which better illustrates the changes that have come over social and business life. In early times the rights that a man had to sue his enemy at the law he could not pass on to another. It would be the multiplying of contentions and suits of great oppression of the people, said Lord Coke. Now business life would come to a stand on such principles; and the law has had to grow to adapt itself to new business habits. Whenever the courts are dealing for example with company matters, the claims of shareholders the conduct of directors the rights of companies and the disposal of their affairs, they are dealing with choses in action of which company law is only one branch. In another respect the subject marks an epoch in legal history. By the Judicature Acts in 1873 the old rigid common law doctrine of non-assignability of rights of action was formally abolished; and the Court of Queen's Bench and the Court of Chancery have lived together ever since in peace and quietness and amicable agreement upon the great question of choses in action.

Than Dr. Richard Garnett no one knows more of libraries and matters bibliographical. His "Essays in Librarianship and Bibliography" (London: George Allen. 6s. net) will be welcomed in their collected shape. The volume takes its place admirably in "The Library Series" of which Dr. Garnett is editor. One essay of particular interest is that tracing the rise of European printing in the East. Typography, says Dr. Garnett, is but in its infancy in oriental countries and he anticipates that some day its cumbrous symbols and alphabets will give place to Roman. Possibly they may go a step further and employ one language for their own convenience. That language he thinks "can hardly be other than English. Should this come to pass then Lord Beaconsfield's celebrated saying 'England is a great Asiatic power' will prove true in a wider sense than he intended."—One hundred years' good work is recorded in "The Story of the Religious Tract Society" written by Dr. Samuel G. Green (London: The Religious Tract Society). The Society was founded in May 1799.—"Bulawayo Up-to-Date" edited and enlarged by W. H. Hills and J. Hall is a small handbook (London: Simpkin, Marshall) giving a general sketch of Rhodesia as it is in 1899.—Messrs. Bacon's "Pocket Atlas and Gazetteer of the World" is a very compact and up-to-date reference book concerning populations and characteristics of every country in the world. An etymological glossary explanatory of prefixes, suffixes and roots of place-names will be found useful.

To would-be reciters who are incapable of selecting pieces for themselves from original sources the Rev. J. J. Nesbitt's "Westminster Reciter" (London: Bowden. 1899. 3s. 6d.) will no doubt come as a boon. Whether those on whom some of the pieces are subsequently tried will be equally pleased is another matter. Mr. Nesbitt at any rate holds out hopes of a minimum infliction by stating that natural talent is required to be a reciter and that his hints and selections are offered only to

"those lucky individuals who possess such." Possibly however he reckons with vanity rather than talent.—From "The Westminster Reciter" to "A Sketch of the New Zealand War" (London: Horace Marshall, 1899. 3s. 6d.) is a wide jump, but the mention of vanity and talent seems to afford some sort of connecting link. The author of this Maori war sketch—Mr. Morgan S. Grace—is proud in the knowledge that to write it he has not been compelled to consult authorities or read despatches. We are glad to learn that Mr. Morgan S. Grace scorns a "lie in any form." That is presumably a merit in a historian. He invites us to read his account of the war in order to learn "what blundering asses we were, and what fine fellows the Maori." Mr. Grace's method of expressing himself is refreshing if not elegant. As sidelights on the Maori, as man and as warrior, this sketch, or rather series of sketches, is not uninteresting.

BIBLICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Cambridge University Press has published in a convenient form the "Book of Psalms" in the three versions now used in England—the Prayer-book version of 1539, the Authorised version of 1611, and the Revised version of 1885. These are arranged in parallel columns, and the reader can see at a glance the successive variations which the scholarship of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries has imposed on the matchless English of the sixteenth. Certainly the accuracy of the latest version scarcely compensates for the picturesqueness of the earliest. Thus Psalm x. 11 "He falleth down, and humbleth himself: that the congregation of the poor may fall into the hands of his captains," is every way superior to the rendering of the Revised version "He croucheth, he boweth down, and the helpless fall by his strong ones." Again in Psalm xxxii. 10 the familiar admonition "Be ye not like to horse and mule which have no understanding: whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle, lest they fall upon thee" is not improved by the stilted version of the Revisers "Whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in, else they will not come near unto thee." On the other hand the change sometimes brings light into passages of which familiarity mitigated the obscurity but could not conceal it. Thus in Psalm lviii. 8 "Or ever your pots be made hot with thorns: so let indignation vex him even as a thing that is raw" we read more intelligibly "Before your pots can feel the thorns, he shall take them away with a whirlwind, the green and the burning alike." No doubt the general effect of the changes made by the Revisers is to substitute a scholarly and faithful rendering for a rendering which, with all its literary charm, was neither scholarly nor faithful: yet there was a curious affinity between Tudor English and the genius of the Hebrew tongue, and the version of 1539, full of mistakes and undoubtedly made on a very inadequate basis of Oriental learning, is wonderfully happy, and often expresses the sense of the original with astonishing success even when departing most widely from the letter.

The "Student's Life of S. Paul" by G. H. Gilbert (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1899) is a brief summary of the apostle's history, designed for the use of students, and therefore destitute of "rhetorical elaboration." The author has familiarised himself with the copious modern literature on his subject: he is, however, generally conservative in his opinions, and accepts the genuineness of all the epistles ascribed to S. Paul. He discusses the chronology of the apostle's life in an appendix. Starting from the year 58 as that in which Felix succeeded Festus he works back to the Conversion in 32. In yet another appendix he examines the various theories as to the locality of the Galatian churches, and decides in favour of the "North Galatian" theory, to which it was too rashly supposed Professor Ramsay had given its quietus.

"The Student's Deuteronomy" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1899) belongs to the considerable library of pseudo-critical works on the Bible, which claim to rebut the "new critics" on their own ground. Its impartiality is sufficiently gauged by the following: "It [i.e. Deuteronomy] has been venerated and regarded as a book of divine authority by the sons of Israel from the time of Moses onwards, and by the Christian ever since the days of Christ." The last statement is altogether irrelevant since the canonical status of the book, which is undisputed, explains the Christian acceptance of it: the first is the very point under discussion. As early as the fourth century there was a tradition, which modern scholarship has elevated to an assumption, that Hilkiah's "discovery" in the Temple was the Book of Deuteronomy. It is certain that Mr. Girdlestone will seek in vain for any evidence that the Deuteronomic law was obeyed before the reign of Josiah.

"Through Nature to God" by John Fiske (London: Macmillan, 1899). This is a thoughtful little book, dealing briefly but, by no means, superficially with the greatest of all subjects. Its drift may be gathered from its title. "The lesson of evolution is that through all these weary ages the Human Soul has not been cherishing in religion a delusive phantom, but in spite of seemingly endless groping and stumbling it has been rising to the recognition of its essential kinship with the ever-living God. Of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution

with regard to Man, I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the Everlasting Reality of Religion." We share the regret expressed by the author in the Preface that "Huxley should have passed away without seeing my argument and giving me the benefit of his comments."

Professor Adolf Harnack's numerous English admirers will be glad to receive a translation of his recent lecture entitled "Thoughts on the Present Position of Protestantism" published by A. and C. Black, London. Mr. Thomas Saunders has done his duty well as translator. It is evident that in Germany no less than in England, though under different conditions, a reaction towards Catholicism is gravely perplexing religious men trained in a Protestant atmosphere, but driven under stress of the intellectual movement of the time to abandon the traditional Protestant theology.

For This Week's Books see page 434.

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DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT

For the Three Months ending 31st JULY, 1899.

To the Shareholders.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors have pleasure in submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for the Three Months ending 31st July, 1899, which show a total profit of £11,092 1s. 6d.

MINE.

Number of feet Driven, Sunk and Risen, exclusive of Stopes	1,348 feet.
Ore Developed	51,000 tons.
Ore Mined	54,013 tons.
Ore taken from Surface Dumps	5,384 tons.
	59,397 tons.
Less Waste sorted out (20'521 per cent.)	12,189 tons.
	47,208 tons.

MILL.

Tons Delivered	47,208 tons.
Less added to Stock in Mill Bins	50 tons.
Tons Crushed	47,158 tons.
Number of days (24 hours) working an average of 100 stamps	86½ days.
Tons crushed per stamp per 24 hours	5'436 tons.
Tons in Mill Bins on 31st July, 1899	750 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	13,178'038 ozs.
Yield per Ton in Fine Gold	5'588 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

SANDS AND CONCENTRATES.

Tons Sands and Concentrates treated (equal to 77'001 per cent. of the tonnage milled)	36,322 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	5,759'780 ozs.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	3'171 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	2'442 dwts.

SLIMES.

Tons Slimes treated (equal to 19'837 per cent. of the tonnage milled)	9,355 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	592'955 ozs.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	1'267 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	'251 dwt.

TOTAL YIELD.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources	19,530'773 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	8'283 dwts.
Total Yield in Bullion Gold from all sources	21,984'741 ozs.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 47,158 tons milled.

DR.	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining Expenses	£41,134 15 10	£0 17 5'346
" Milling Expenses	9,261 18 10	0 3 11'136
" Cyaniding Expenses	6,638 18 7	0 2 87
" General Expenses	3,639 8 0	0 1 6'521
" Head Office Expenses	1,107 4 4	0 0 '634
	61,782 5 7	1 6 2'426
" Interest	8,821 18 0	0 3 8'897
	70,604 3 7	1 9 11'324
" Profit	11,092 1 6	0 4 8'450
	£81,696 5 1	1 14 7'774
CR.	Value.	Value per Ton.
By Gold Account—		
Mill	£55,170 14 9	£1 3 4'779
Cyanide Works	26,525 10 4	0 11 2'995
	£81,696 5 1	1 14 7'774

NOTE.—The 5 per cent. Tax on Profits, which has been imposed by the Government of the South African Republic, has not been allowed for in the above figures.

GENERAL.

The Capital Expenditure for the period under review has amounted to £4,270 5s. 7d.

By order of the Board,

F. RALEIGH,

SECRETARY.

Head Office, Johannesburg,
August, 1899.

FOUR PER CENT. EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT IRRIGATION TRUST CERTIFICATES.

Secured by deposit of Government Pay Warrants (Mandats de Paiement), which are a direct and unconditional obligation of the Egyptian Government and a charge (affectation) on the Irrigation Works at Assouan and Assiout on the Nile.

ISSUE OF 6,400 CERTIFICATES OF £100 EACH TO BEARER, £640,000,

Further part of a total issue of like Certificates for £2,714,700, all ranking *pari passu*, bearing interest at 4 per cent. and redeemable by means of an accumulative sinking fund within 30 years commencing in 1903, to be secured by a deposit of Pay Warrants of the Egyptian Government amounting to £4,716,780, falling due in sixty equal half-yearly instalments, commencing on 1st July, 1903. The amount of Certificates already issued is £430,000.

Trustees for the Certificate-holders.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD HILLINGDON.

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The holders of the Certificates will be entitled to receive out of the proceeds of the deposited Pay Warrants interest at the rate of 4% per annum, commencing from the 1st January, 1903, payable by half-yearly coupons on the 1st July and 1st January, and the principal by means of sixty half-yearly drawings at par, the first repayment to be made on July 1st, 1903.

The payment of coupons up to and including January 1st, 1903, is provided for by the deposit in cash with the Trustees of the amount required.

ISSUE PRICE 103%	
payable	£5 on Application;
	£15 on Allotment;
	£25 on October 31st, 1899;
	£25 on November 30th, 1899;
	£33 on December 30th, 1899.

Total 103%

Interest at the rate of 4 per cent. will be paid on the instalments up to January 1st, 1900, by scrip coupon payable on that date. The first coupon on the Certificates will be due on July 1st, 1900.

Payment in full may be made on allotment, in which case a discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum will be allowed. THE BANK OF ENGLAND are authorised to receive applications for this issue.

THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT in 1896 entered into a contract with Messrs. John Aird & Co., for carrying out certain Irrigation Works, consisting mainly of two large dams (barrages) across the River Nile, one situated at Assouan, about 590 miles, and the other at Assiout, about 250 miles above Cairo.

The Government agreed to pay the Contractors for work done and materials supplied as the works progress, by its Pay Warrants, due as hereafter stated, of which the following is a specimen and translation:—

Specimen.	
Numéro	Numéro
"de Série 1.	d'Ordre 1.
"TRAVAUX D'IRRIGATION DU GOUVERNEMENT EGYPTIEN.	
"ASSOUAN ET ASSIOUT 1898.	
"£500 Sterling.	£500 Sterling.
"MANDAT DE PAIEMENT.	
"Le Gouvernement Egyptien déclare par les présentes, qu'en retour de travaux effectués et de matériaux fournis pour les travaux d'irrigation susmentionnés, il reconnaît devoir, absolument, et sans condition aucune, à Mm. John Aird & Cie, la somme de Cinq cents livres sterling (£500).	
"Le Gouvernement s'engage par les présentes à payer à Mm. John Aird & Cie, ou au porteur de ce Mandat, le 1er Juillet 1903 la dite somme de Cinq cents livres sterling.	
"Ce paiement s'effectuera à Londres, par l'intermédiaire de la Banque d'Angleterre, contre la remise de ce mandat.	
"Ce paiement sera effectué à tout événement au Porteur des présentes, en totalité et sans déduction quelconque et indépendamment de toute contestation qui peut être actuellement pendante ou qui pourrait s'élever dans la suite entre le Gouvernement et Mm. John Aird & Cie, ou de toute autre contestation quelle qu'elle soit, la dette reconnue par les présentes étant pour une somme certaine et déterminée et constituant une créance liquide et reconnue par le Gouvernement Egyptien.	
"Le présent mandat confère au porteur, jusqu'à son entier désintéressement, une affectation sur les travaux pour assurer le paiement de la somme indiquée dans ce mandat, et le dit porteur pourra, d'accord avec les porteurs de tous autres mandats émis par rapport aux mêmes travaux (dont le maximum ne devra pas toutefois excéder les limites mentionnées dans la table au dos des présentes) ou d'accord avec la majorité de ces porteurs, nommer ou faire nommer par l'autorité compétente un représentant chargé de mettre à exécution de la manière qu'il appartiendra le dit droit d'affectation, au cas où ce mandat n'aura pas été payé à l'échéance.	
"Aucune prise de possession par le Gouvernement des travaux ni aucun acte quelconque ne seront susceptibles de porter atteinte à la dite affectation.	
"Le présent mandat et tous autres mandats émis ou à émettre dans les limites susmentionnées auront rang égal et <i>pari passu</i> sans aucun droit de préférence ni de priorité à raison de leur numéro, série, date d'émission ou autre circonstance quelconque.	
"En date du 11 Juin, 1898.	

"Pour le Gouvernement,

"Le Ministre des Travaux Publics,

"Contresigné, Ingénieur du Gouvernement Egyptien.

"(Sd.) A. R. Webb."

Translation.

No. 1.

"EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT IRRIGATION WORKS.

"ASSOUAN AND ASSIOUT 1898.

"£500 Sterling.

£500 Sterling.

"PAY WARRANT.

"The Egyptian Government hereby declares that in consideration of work done and materials supplied for the above Irrigation works it acknowledges that it is indebted absolutely and unconditionally to Messrs. John Aird & Co. in the sum of "Five hundred pounds sterling (£500 sterling).

"The Government hereby undertakes to pay to Messrs. John Aird & Co. or the bearer of this Warrant on the 1st July, 1903, the said sum of Five hundred pounds sterling.

"This payment will be made in London through the medium of the Bank of England against surrender of this Warrant.

"This payment will be made in any event to the bearer hereof in full without any deduction whatever, and irrespective of any dispute that may be actually pending or which may hereafter arise between the Government and Messrs. John Aird & Co. or of any other dispute whatsoever, the debt hereby acknowledged being for a fixed and determined sum and constituting a claim agreed and recognised by the Egyptian Government.

"This Warrant confers upon the bearer, until completely satisfied, a charge upon the works to secure payment of the sum indicated in this Warrant, and the said Bearer may, jointly with the holders of all other Warrants issued in respect of the same works (the maximum amount whereof shall not however exceed the limits mentioned in the Table hereon endorsed) or in accord with the majority of such holders, appoint or cause to be appointed by the competent authority a representative to be entrusted with the enforcement in such manner as may be called for of such right of charge, should this Warrant not have been paid when due.

"No taking into possession of the works by the Government nor any act whatsoever shall be liable to impair the said charge.

"The present and all other Warrants issued or to be issued within the limits aforesaid, shall rank equally and *pari passu* without any right of preference or priority by reason of their number, series, date of issue, or any other circumstance whatever.

"Dated 11th June, 1898.

"For the Government,

"The Minister of Public Works,

"(Sd.) H. Fakry.

"Countersigned,

"Engineer to the Egyptian Government,

"(Sd.) A. R. Webb."

The total amount of these Pay Warrants to be issued is £4,716,780, payable by sixty payments of £78,613 each half-year, commencing on July 1st, 1903, and ending on January 1st, 1933. The Table endorsed on the Pay Warrants referred to above states these payments in detail.

The Irrigation Investment Corporation, Limited, which was formed for the purpose in 1898, entered into an agreement with Messrs. John Aird & Co. to purchase from them the whole of the £4,716,780 Pay Warrants.

The present issue is made on the authority and on behalf of the Irrigation Investment Corporation, Limited.

Under the terms of a Trust Deed dated the 21st April, 1899, that Corporation in April last lodged with the Bank of England on behalf of the Trustees Pay Warrants for £750,000, representing sixty half-yearly payments of £12,500 each, commencing on the 1st July, 1903, and ending on the 1st January, 1933, upon trust to apply the proceeds to the due payment of interest and Sinking Fund of an issue of £430,000 Certificates and expenses from the 1st January, 1903, the payments for interest and Sinking Fund on that issue amounting to £12,370 half-yearly. The Corporation also lodged a sum sufficient to secure the due payment of interest and expenses of the Trust up to the 1st January, 1903.

Under the terms of the same Trust Deed the Corporation has now lodged with the Bank of England on behalf of the Trustees in respect of the present further issue of £640,000 Certificates, further Pay Warrants for £1,110,000 representing sixty half-yearly payments of £18,500 each, commencing on the 1st July, 1903 and ending on the 1st January, 1933. The payments for interest and Sinking Fund of the present issue amount to £18,413 half-yearly. The Corporation has also lodged a sum sufficient to secure the due payment of interest on the present issue and the further expenses of the trust up to the 1st January, 1903.

Thus the Pay Warrants and cash lodged with the Trustees represent an amount sufficient for the payment of the interest and Sinking Fund of the two issues of Certificates (together £1,070,000) and expenses.

As and when further issues of the Certificates are made, corresponding amounts of Pay Warrants and cash will be deposited with the Trustees. When the whole of the issue (amounting to £2,714,700) is completed there will be available, apart from the amounts required for interest and Sinking Fund, the amount of £513 half-yearly, which covers the expenses of the Trust.

The Egyptian Government have no power to redeem the Pay Warrants before maturity, and therefore the redemption of the Certificates cannot be anticipated.

Applications must be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded together with the amount payable on application to the Bank of England, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

Failure to pay any instalment when due will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture. If no allotment is made the Deposit will be returned in full, and if only a portion of the amount applied for is allotted, the balance of the Deposit will be applied towards the payment of the amount due on allotment.

Scrip Certificates to Bearer with coupon attached for interest at the rate of 4 per cent. on the instalments up to January 1st, 1900, will be delivered in exchange for Allotment Letters, and the Trust Certificates will, when ready, be exchanged for fully-paid Scrip Certificates.

A copy of the Deed of Trust and of the Pay Warrants can be seen at the Offices of Messrs. Norton, Rose, Norton & Co., 57½ Old Broad Street, E.C., the Solicitors for the Trustees.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Head Office of the Bank of England (Chief Cashier's Office), or at any of its Branches; or of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall & Co., 4 Lombard Street, E.C.

The List will be opened on Tuesday, the 3rd of October, and will close at or before 4 o'clock on the same day.

LONDON, E.C., September 29th, 1898.

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